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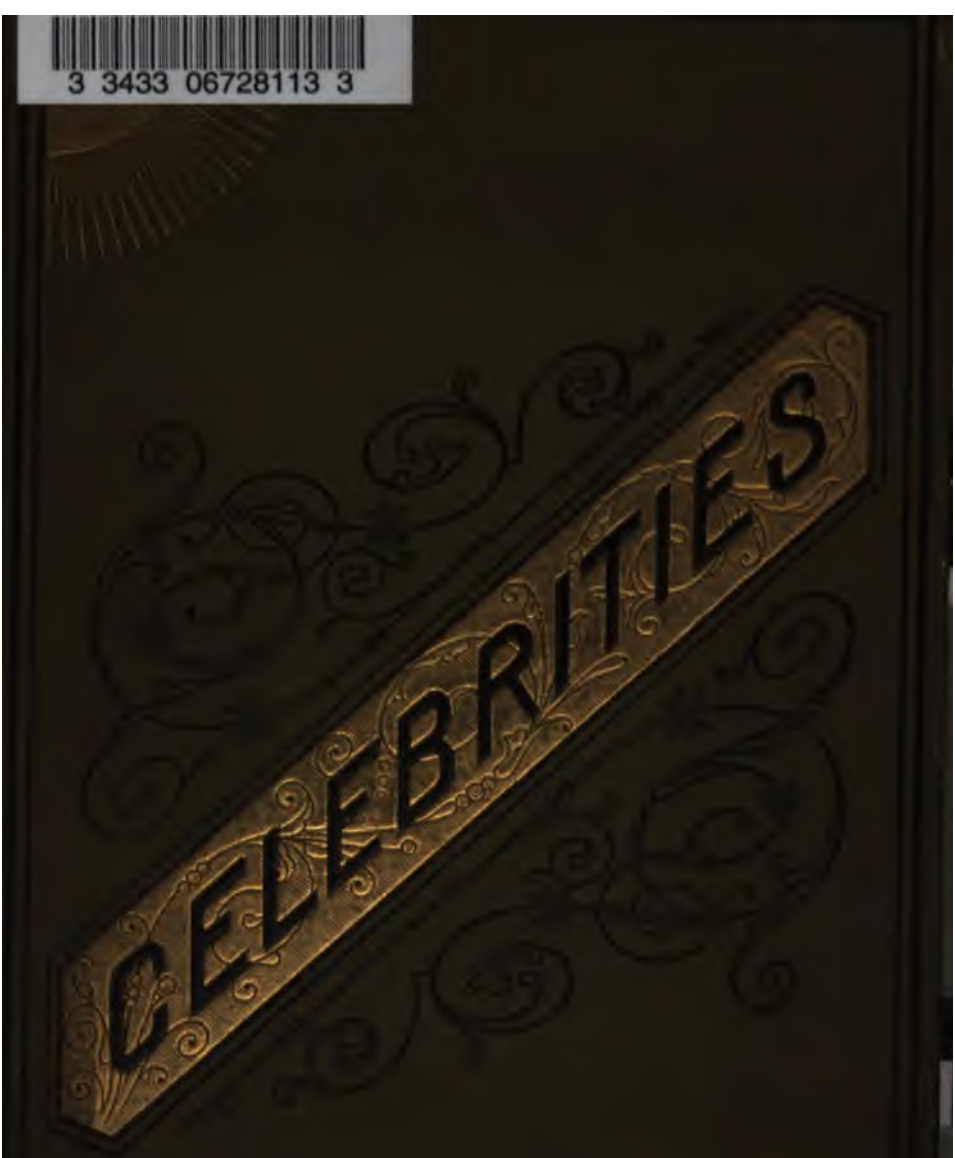

BY

R. A. YOUNG

Celebrities and Less.

(EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN.)

BY R. A. YOUNG.

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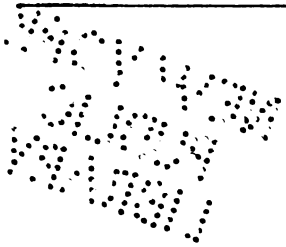

PREFATORY NOTE.

I HAVE always been fond of the study and analysis of human nature. Occasionally I have seen or heard a new man that called forth a biographical sketch. Many private letters and several requests in the Church papers have induced me to collect most of these sketches, and publish them in this volume. They are not placed in chronological order, but Europeans and Americans, ministers and laymen, are so arranged as to give the greatest variety. The date of the writing may be seen at the end of each sketch. This will explain much that otherwise would be obscure or misunderstood. The style is such as a man picks up along the course of thirty-six years. R. A. YOUNG.

Nashville, Tenn., September 1, 1888.

Hunter 29 Je. 1923

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CELEBRITIES AND LESS.

I. SPURGEON AND PARKER.

PRINCES OF THE PULPIT.

THIS is not our first Sunday in the metropolis. One week ago we heard Prebendary Wilson in the forenoon at St. Paul's Cathedral, and Brother Shaw, the "*third preacher*" on one of the London circuits, at night. To-day we all agreed on the Baptist Church and Spurgeon. If you have read the opening chapter of Dickens in "Dombey & Son," I need not describe the fog and rain we had to encounter. One must see these somber English skies to know what "sea-dust" means. But the cabman's horse did not slip *down* on the way to the Metropolitan Tabernacle. His was what old Bishop Hopkins calls a "work tending toward piety," and we were graciously preserved. The usher was kind enough to inform us that it was a bad day and few people were out—only about five thousand five hundred!

The Tabernacle was built for Mr. Spurgeon when he began to loom up—"a boy preacher"—about thirty years ago. It is a large, plain, stone building, four stories high, without any ornament except a huge portico in front. It has an auditorium of acoustic perfection, with two deep galleries running all around. The platform is on a level with the first gallery. We

had seats within two pews of the preacher—our reward for being early. Nothing is ever lost by being a few minutes in advance. The Tabernacle is not a Gothic mass-house—it was built for preaching. St. Paul's is a mausoleum.

Small envelopes are furnished you at the gate. You are expected to fill them with pennies or pounds, and drop them into the contribution boxes for the Pastor's College. There is not a Baptist Church on earth that supports so many charitable institutions as this. Mrs. Young will attend an "Orphanage Meeting" before we leave. On our entrance we heard the voice of prayer and praise in a distant room—the pastor and his elders praying for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the people.

Any one who has seen Secretary Morton in his regular Sunday suit may conclude that he knows exactly how Mr. Spurgeon is built. He wears a black cravat, with a turn-down collar; *and he does not button his coat.* I mention this for the information of certain young "theologues" who wear this garment "all buttoned to the chin," especially when they are standing before *admiring* congregations! A great speaker, full of his subject, never seems to think of his personal appearance. Bishop Keener always advises young preachers to dress like modest, genteel citizens. Mr. Spurgeon came quietly on his platform at five minutes to eleven, and never opened his eyes on the vast throng until he was on his feet and ready.

In the short prayer, or invocation, there was a beautiful allusion to the falling rain, followed by a petition which the shower suggested. "Let us sing the 855th hymn in our own Hymn-book—tune, 'Duke Street.'" No organ, no choir, but a leader stood by his side. The preacher did not waste our time reading the hymn, but he "lined out" every verse, and then "kept time." They fairly leaned back and sung it. If Bishop Pierce had been there his grand face would have been wreathed in smiles. In this country every worshiper has a Bible and a Hymn-book at church, and *he uses both.* We have attended Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, established and *dis*-established places of worship, and this custom is uniform in all. No preacher reads a hymn; no member sits and sings. He rises up and praises the Lord like one who has religion enough to make him happy. I believe in a man being decently quiet, but there are times when he ought to make a noise—"a joyful noise unto the Lord."

Then came the exposition of two Psalms, read from the Revised Edition. "Let us sing the 821st hymn in our own Hymn-book—tune, 'Days of Absence;'" and, sitting in his chair, he lined out and kept time. The long prayer followed this. It was so comprehensive and full of meaning that Lenamay turned to me and said: "That is the best prayer I ever heard." It evoked audible and hearty "Amens!" all over the house. "Let us sing the 852d hymn in our

own Hymn-book—tune, 'Winchester;'" and he sat and lined that out. Notices—just such as you never heard before. (The great bells of St. Paul's and Victoria Tower are rolling off the hour of midnight; the inmates of this great hive are quiet. Good-night. I will finish this letter to-morrow.)

Mr. Spurgeon belongs to a preaching family. His grandfather and his father were ministers of the gospel. His brother and his son are of the same calling. In this respect his history is almost identical with that of John Wesley, from whom he quotes so frequently. For naturalness, fullness, fluency, and power I have but once heard Mr. Spurgeon's equal. Good sense, great learning, wide reading, absolute consecration to one work, and the aid of the Holy Ghost produced the sermon we heard yesterday. He began to develop his rare powers by talking in his father's prayer-meetings, and to this day his sermons remind you of prayer-meeting talks. There are no stage whispers, no torrent raptures, no long, strong flights through realms of ether; but the discussion goes on, the exhortation follows, then the glowing appeal, and the jury is won. You see and feel that he loves to preach. You never think of the work it must have taken to make the sermon. When it is finished he looks as serene and composed as if nothing had happened. Text, Job xxx. 23. Introduction: First, Personal Knowledge; second, Holy Intelligence; third, Quiet Expectation. Conclusion—in which he

quoted one of the best things John Wesley ever said, and brought in the lords and aristocracy of Pall-mall for a most solemn warning. The sermon closed with the apostolic benediction, and the people dispersed immediately. It was a long sermon. An age of short sermons has always been an age of small preachers and of dead formality. Read Church history, and be admonished.

At night we were at the City Temple to hear Dr. Joseph Parker, author of "*Ecce Deus*," "The Paraclete," "The Priesthood of Christ," "Springdale Abbey," "The Inner Life of Christ," "*Ad Clerum*," "The Ark of God," "Apostolic Life," "Tyne Chylde," "The People's Bible," "Wearer Stephen," and other books. I have underscored the two most popular.

The City Temple is a Congregational church not quite so large as the Tabernacle. At half-past six a multitude of people were gathered in front waiting for admittance. While I was standing on the sloppy pavement, deliberating what to do, a stranger approached, and handed me his card, saying: "Dr. Parker wishes you to come to the vestry when the sermon is over." I was then conducted to one of the "American pews," and informed that the Stars and Stripes were not up at night. The people around me were Yankees—*prima facie*. The services were conducted in the New England style. An immense organ led a tremendous volume of song.

Then came the sermon—an *extempore* sermon, of course. No great orator uses a manuscript. No sermon-reader could hold such a crowd for eighteen years. Dr. Parker is the only orator we have heard on this side; but his sermon was good in spite of his oratory. The nabobs and gentry of fashionable Pall-mall came in for another terrible excoriation. The Doctor is a gigantic, self-made Englishman, who knows how to pronounce his mother-tongue. He does not whirl an "r" or tear an "h" into tatters like the rest of them. He spent some time in America, and is not "so English you know." It was in this Temple that Beecher refused to go into the "pepper-box" pulpit; but walked the platform, to the amazement of the Londoners.

Every thing we read, and see, and hear, reminds us that these people are worshipers of antiquity. One whole family spell their names with a little "l." "It looks so Plantagenet-like." They forget that the Plantagenets were so illiterate that they did not know how to make a capital L. All the peers of the realm claim to have descended from that fleet-load of thieves and pirates that came over in 1066 with William the Conqueror. Some even date back to Adam and Eve. One had the vanity and impudence to go still farther, and derive from the pre-Adamite monkeys; and thus disgrace the human race for the sake of antiquity. His name was Charles Darwin.

The visitors' guide-books to London mention, in a

single line, the location of any new church-building, however magnificent; but they give you whole pages on the old churches—one was commenced in the Anglo-Saxon times, or was finished in the Norman period, or remodeled by some Tudor. This was built by Holbein, that by Inigo Jones, and all of them were touched up a little by Sir Christopher Wren. Certain old customs prevail here, certain old music is sung there.

We heard four excellent unwritten prayers yesterday. Not one of them alluded to the "Sovereign Lady," or his "Royal Highness," or any of the Normans or Germans that rule this realm. But then Spurgeon and Parker are dissenters, and not so furiously loyal as they should be. Our cabman calls Queen Victoria "that German lady, Mrs. Guelph."

I do not know where we shall spend the next Lord's-day. If we return from our excursion to Wales, we may cross London bridge, and listen to Newman Hall. Albert S. Marks, Jr., has called, and is waiting below. I must close. Love to the brethren.

London, 1886.

II. REV. A. L. P. GREEN, D.D.

THE WISEST OF ELDERS.

I PROPOSE to sketch one of the best friends I have ever known. Dr. Green was a large, solid, handsome man—a composed and dignified Christian gentleman. He would have been taken for a personage on the crowded streets of London, for he looked as an English law lord ought to look. He preached the gospel regularly and zealously for nearly fifty years—did scarcely any thing else—wore plain black clothes winter and summer; but never presented what is usually styled "a clerical appearance." He was, to a stranger, a quiet, cultured, wise man, an influential citizen, one to be consulted in case of perplexity. Nothing seemed to disturb him. His calm courage was equal to his Christian patience. If I were an artist, I could paint with equal ease Dr. Green instructing a company of stupid backwoods sinners, or delivering an argument against the opinion of an Irish general assembly. Concerning non-essentials he was pliant as a willow wand; on great principles he stood firm as a rock.

I remember well the day, in September, 1842, when fame first reported the name of A. L. P. Green to my ears. I had been converted at one camp-meeting, and

had journeyed straightway to another at Middle Settlements, in East Tennessee. There I met a well-dressed countryman, who informed us that we were not far from the neighborhood where Dr. Green was born. "And who is Dr. Green?" thought I; "and is he a greater man than Thomas Stringfield?" The gentleman admitted that, in controversial theology, Brother Stringfield was a full match for the strongest—even for Dr. F. A. Ross—but Dr. Green was a poet, an orator, a revivalist, a financier, an ecclesiastical statesman, who lived in *Nashville*. And I remembered all this.

Four years afterward I rode into this city with the intention of joining the Tennessee Conference should I be found worthy. It was when we used to have "opening sermons." The old McKendree Church was crowded—galleries and all. Dr. Green was the preacher, and one young hero-worshiper was greatly delighted. A year to prepare a sermon, and no manuscript! Not even that notably dull contrivance called "notes!" The Doctor just held forth at his own sweet will! In less than a week he invited me to dinner, introduced me to his sons and daughters; and from that day until he went to heaven he seemed to me like a father. If he ever allowed an opportunity to pass without doing me a favor, I have not heard of it. The same may be said of each member of his family to this day.

Dr. Green's father removed to North Alabama when

he was quite young. There he was educated—on the farm and in the country school. There he saw his first distinguished man. A venerable and scholarly gentleman came to stay all night. The boy learned that the stranger was an author—that he had actually written a book. In after years the Doctor used to tell, in his inimitable way, how he stood off and looked at the great man, and how he sat for hours, in mute astonishment, and listened to his conversation. It was the Rev. Thomas Stringfield. In North Alabama A. L. P. Green was converted and received into the Church. Here he became a preacher, and traveled his first circuit. On this work, in the family of the preacher in charge, he made the acquaintance of a young man who has since written his name on nearly every page of Southern Methodism.

Dr. Green was not pedantic. He made no ado about books. It is said he was never known to quote from a book or an author, *by name*, in his life. I have seen him sit in my office for two hours before preaching, pulling down commentaries and examining the text. "Now," thought I, "we shall hear what Wesley or Coke or Clarke or Benson has said;" but he only gave the results of study. For this reason some of his brethren thought that he did not have many books, or, having them, he did not read them. A few weeks spent at "Greenland" always corrected this mistake. He was well acquainted with Christian Theology, as taught by Arminius, Wesley, Fletcher, and Richard

Watson. Canon Law and Church Government were favorite studies. He was fond of metaphysics—read Edwards, Bledsoe, Whedon. He would employ his rest-days, through many weeks, studying Commodore Maury's work on "Physical Geography," and Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man." But he was not a Darwinian. He read all the best English poets and modern British essayists. He took travels and voyages in the place of novels and romances. Nearly all our Church periodicals came to his house; and he was one preacher who never was tired of reading good sermons. What of the science and art of fishing? He used to carry Izaak Walton in his pocket. I state these facts in justice to the character of Dr. Green, and because I know them to be true. Scarcely any country home in this land is better supplied with books than "Greenland" was.

Dr. Green had been a member of the Tennessee Conference only a few years when he was appointed to Nashville. Here he married a lady who always appreciated his talents and vocation—just such a wife as every minister of the gospel ought to have. His friends were her friends. Here he reared a family of children—all zealous Christians and sterling Methodists, who honor the memory of their father, and kindle with emotion at the mention of his illustrious name. Here Dr. Green settled himself and lived for more than forty years. Here his popularity and usefulness grew as regularly and solidly as the growth

of the city. He was pastor of the Churches hereabout, and traveled every district within reach of Nashville more than once. No man in Southern Methodism has been a presiding elder so many consecutive years as he. He never stopped to teach in a college, or edit a newspaper, or manage a General Conference bureau or agency, but traveled straight on until disease laid him up. He received appointment at the hands of a Bishop every autumn of his life for forty-nine years, and always spoke of himself as a "field hand."

Dr. Green was exceedingly fond of his family, though he rarely ever spent one whole week with them. He laid out thousands of dollars to build a home, and labored for years to adorn and beautify it; but he never neglected the vineyard of the Lord. As Dr. Green was not a farmer, what did he want with so many acres? and, as he had, in his old age, but two in family, why did he construct so large a house? His well-known purpose was that he might have all his children and grandchildren with him every summer. They were able to scatter to the ends of the earth, but he preferred that they should flock to "Greenland." Dr. Deems once visited this place, and spent a few days. As he was leaving the front gate, it is said he looked back and remarked, in his facetious way: "Risky business for the old poet to die. Heaven must be a wonderfully happy place if it is better than this."

To attempt a description of the pathos and power of Dr. Green's preaching, or a critical estimate of his

sermons; to enumerate the honors conferred upon him by Annual and General Conferences, would require another article longer than this. I must leave these subjects to his biographer, who is now at work.

Dr. Green was Treasurer of Vanderbilt University. We had our desks in the same office. One morning in July, 1874, he seemed more feeble than usual. I handed him some money. He took it to the bank and left it on deposit; came back; handed me the book and the key to his drawer, saying: "Here, Young, I have quit." That was our last interview but one. The day before he died, learning that I was to leave the city, he sent for me to come in. Giving me his hand, he said: "I wanted to say to you that it is all right." These were his last words to me. To Dr. Kelley he said: "Only physical suffering; there is no mental or moral trouble. All is beautiful! Not only Christ, heaven, and faith are beautiful, but I have been thinking to-day of death and the grave; and the grave-yard, where a whole family lie grouped together, and this, too, has grown beautiful to me. The gospel we preach is true—salvation is for all. But it is all of the grace of God." Said he to Bishop McTyeire: "I am impressed with the truth of the gospel. What I have been preaching is true."

A. L. P. Green was born in Sevier county, Tenn., June 24, 1807; and died in Nashville July 15, 1874, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Nashville, 1876.

III. HALL AND CLAYTON.

EVANGELICAL DISSENTERS.

SUNDAY is our most delightful day in London. We can go into the house of the Lord, and shut all our troubles out. If you want to be good, there is nothing to hinder you, but every thing to help you. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and these Dissenters and Non-conformists have brought the men here who can preach it. They all have large churches; and forasmuch as the "incumbents" are unsurpassed as extemporizers, the houses overflow. We have not seen a decent skeleton of a congregation where the gospel is read. We are going to hear Canon Farrar next Sunday, just to see if the most famous reader in Britain can draw a crowd. The Hard-shell Baptists are right in *one thing*—their opposition to manuscript sermons. The Episcopal Churches of London, like those in America, have been cleaned out nicely by pulpit rhetoricians. Read on, *drawl* on, ye reverend gentlemen—the people are somewhere else. Think of East or Stokes, perched up in a pulpit resembling the picture of one of the golden candlesticks of Revelation, reading a *defense* before a jury of the Criminal Court! Think of Whitthorne or Richardson getting into Congress on the strength of a pa-

per harangue! Wonder what Sam Jones would charge to read a pale dissertation concerning religion in one of his gospel tents! Either hold forth the word of life, or have the manliness to quit.

We parted company this morning: wife and the girls went to hear Joseph Parker; I preferred Newman Hall. Christ's Church is across the Thames, on the Westminster road—a perpetuation of the famous Surrey Chapel, where Rowland Hill thundered for fifty years. The large stone building cost three hundred thousand dollars, the alabaster pulpit three thousand dollars. The congregation supports Mr. Hall and his assistant, thirteen mission-schools, and a large number of nurses, Bible-women, and evangelists. The pastor holds five public services each week, and a number of social meetings. The assistant evangelizes also, and helps in various ways. Mr. Hall began his ministry in Yorkshire; afterward served a congregation in Leeds; then came here, thirty-one years ago. His salary is four thousand dollars a year —just what McKendree Church pays. (Dr. Barbee ought to have an assistant.)

After reaching the church, and reading a profusion of posters, setting forth what all is to be said and sung and done during the week, I asked Mr. Goodman: "What denomination worships here?" "None; we are Christians. Too many denominations now. Rowland Hill set up an Independent Church nearly a century ago; he was followed by James Sherman,

and he by Newman Hall. Come in and sit in my pew."

These English are fond of waiting in the sanctuary. No service is too long for them. I reckon they are right. A church is infinitely better than a theater. Christian (?) play-goers never complain of length. The worship to-day lasted more than two hours. The Rev. Mr. Grainger conducted the opening exercises, which embraced an anthem, the Lord's Prayer, a collect, the Ten Commandments, another collect, the Epistle, the Gospel, the Creed, sundry prayers and thanksgivings, benediction, and notices. Mr. Grainger wore a white robe, and read better than usual.

Newman Hall now entered the alabaster pulpit, robed in black; and after a hymn, and fervent extemporaneous prayer, preached a remarkably edifying sermon. Text—Mark xiv. 8: "She hath done what she could." The discourse ended, we had another hymn, and an appropriate extemporaneous prayer, closing, as usual, with the apostolic benediction. Then followed the holy communion, an earnest exhortation, two hymns, a collection, another prayer, and benediction. The ritual for the administration of the Lord's supper was identical with our own. These two paragraphs have been written to convince you of the great patience, or piety, of this silent race. As the people were dispersing Mr. Hall came out into the body of the church, offered me his hand, told me I was a stranger from America, that he had a

great many friends and readers in my country, and so on.

Newman Hall was in the United States three years ago. I remember well the editorial notices of the man and his preaching. They were all true. His style is simplicity itself; and the best elocutionist might profit by listening to the modulations of his manly voice. He is religious, learned, and luminous; uses Anglo-Saxon as freely as Bishop McTyeire or Dr. N. L. Rice; about such a sermonizer as Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va. The old-fashioned Introduction, Explication, Divisions, and Conclusion are passing out of style. Spurgeon and the Wesleyans are the only preachers whose hedges and ditches are so distinct that you always know where they are. Put me down for the "heads" of a discourse, and all things else that are *old and good*. I am not opposed to the changes of the moon, or the revolution of the seasons, but I protest against certain new and irreverent and *daring* innovations that some evangelists and cock-sparrow revivalists are forcing upon ancient and grave usages—notably, Harrison, "the boy preacher."

Mr. Hall's church is several miles from our hotel. On the *walk* home I adopted Hawthorne's plan—plunged headlong into London, only to lose myself for the sake of finding myself unexpectedly among things that I had always read and dreamed about. The plan was perfectly successful. Directly on my

right was old Surrey Chapel, where the eccentric and eloquent Rowland Hill attracted more people around his pulpit than the king did about his throne. The low, sixteen-cornered building is now filled with agricultural and horticultural instruments. Crossing Blackfriars Bridge I saw to my left, on the Thames Embankment, Cleopatra's Needle. Then I thought of the flight of time—the mutations of ages and religions. This celebrated monolith of red granite formerly stood at Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, Egypt, and was seen daily by Moses when a youth at school. It was presented to England in 1849, by Mehemet Ali. This obelisk measures sixty-eight feet in height, and weighs one hundred and eighty tons. The munificence of Sir Erasmus Wilson, who paid £10,000 for the purpose, enabled Mr. John Dixon, the engineer, to transport the Needle from Alexandria in 1878. The voyage, however, was one of great danger and risk. The obelisk was inclosed in a cylinder-boat towed by a steamer. It arrived safely in the Bay of Biscay, where a tremendous storm parted it from the steamer, and for days nothing was heard of it. Eventually a passing vessel secured it and brought it to the Thames. "Why all this waste of £10,000?" says Demas! Lay up your money, old fellow; make safe investments. Your sons-in-law will come along after awhile. They will do *your* "wasting." At the end of another mile, I walked into Ludgate Circle, near St. Paul's Cathedral. Having thus found myself, I went home.

To-night we went over to the Wesleyan Chapel on Queen Street (a favorite place with us), and heard Brother Clayton, one of the preachers in charge of this circuit. His subject was the Conversion of Saul of Tarsus. It was plain that he had not read Lord Lyttleton's fine argument on this subject, but he knew exactly how to tell and explain St. Paul's experience, for he did not stop short of entire regeneration, the witness of the Spirit, and joy in the Holy Ghost. All is life and animation in the chapel, if the preachers do stand and people sit during prayers. There is to be a farewell missionary meeting here on next Thursday night. A number of young preachers take their departure for the Dark Continent. (It is to be hoped they will live in peace when they get there.) Sir Somebody, K. G. and M. P., is to preside at the meeting, and all the general Secretaries are to speak. As I am from the Southern Church, I only ventured to speak for a seat in one of the side galleries.

Mr. Charles H. Eastman and wife, from Nashville, Tenn.; Miss Macklin, from Frankfort, Ky.; and Miss Seawell, of Lebanon, Tenn., arrived to-night, and will be quartered in rooms adjoining ours. They had rough weather on the voyage, but it is over now. We are all talking at once, and there is general rejoicing in the drawing-room of Lincoln's Inn. These taciturn English think we are from a land of free speech and a good deal of it.

To-morrow week we go over to Paris. I am not

afflicted with Coleridge's *Gallophobia*, but I do not think I shall enjoy Paris much. I do not speak French or eat frogs; I never enter a theater or an opera-house; I do not dress well or drink wines. What am I to do? I have two books on Paris. They will settle me.

We shall revisit a few places in London this week, but let us hope that no more letters will grow out of it. However, no rash promises.

London, 1886.

IV. SAMUEL DAVIES BALDWIN, D.D.

ERRATIC AND ORTHODOX.

A Christian is the highest style of man:
And is there, who the cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonored brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight.

—*Night Thoughts.*

THE editor of the *Watchman* asks, in behalf of his readers, a biographical sketch of Dr. Baldwin. I have been waiting for Dr. Huston to write. When my Kentucky friend takes up this subject, he will occupy a position somewhat similar to that of St. Luke —"having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first." They were friends, like David and Jonathan.

The Tennessee Conference never lost a member of whom so much has been written, in city dailies and Church weeklies, in prose and poetry. For, as the Scotch reviewer said of Lord Jeffrey, Dr. Baldwin was a "many-sided man;" Christian, preacher, pastor, and revivalist; scholar, critic, author, and lecturer; poet, orator, and Knight Templar.

Once, in the spring of 1847, I was on my way to New Orleans. At Smithland, Ky., the boat was crippled. I went ashore, and took lodging at a small hotel. Over the mantel-piece in my room there hung a set of "Rules for Daily Life," by S. D. Baldwin.

They were written after the manner of Dr. Franklin. Said I to the landlady: "Who's Baldwin?" "He was our stationed preacher." "Did he live up to those rules in my room?" "He did." "Was he a fine preacher?" "The best we ever had." This was my first acquaintance with the name and character of our departed friend.

Samuel Davies Baldwin was born in Worthington, Ohio, November 24, 1818. It is said his parents were poor. So much the better for him. Moses was a shepherd, the son of a slave. David kept his father's sheep.

> Seven Grecian cities strove for Homer dead,
> Where living Homer begged his daily bread.

Æsop was a slave. Terence was a freedman. Cincinnatus was a plowman. Mohammed was a camel-driver. Columbus was the son of a wool-comber, and a sailor-boy on the Mediterranean. Luther was the son of a poor miner, and a charity student at Erfurt. Franklin was a printer. Burritt was a blacksmith. Dr. Baldwin was the son of a poor man, and *second* carpenter on a steam-boat. It is better to be born poor than rich. This is my philosophy.

Baldwin, a stalwart young man, in rough clothes, having handled the chisel, the saw, the plane, the hammer, and the ax for three years, entered Woodward College, in Cincinnati. It is not said that he swept halls, or made fires, or rang bells to support himself at school. He was no charity scholar. By

industry and economy he had accumulated money enough to pay his way.

He graduated in due time, along with George H. Pendleton, George E. Pugh, Lorenzo D. Huston, and others. His acquaintances have not informed us who took the first honors in this class. I should think Baldwin did not, for this reason: Your head boy at school, your first-honor gentleman rarely ever makes a great scholar or a great man; but Dr. Baldwin made both.

His parents were Presbyterians—surely none the worse for that. For, whatever may be said of Calvinism, it has produced an intelligent people, remarkable for austere morality and solid piety. I dare say the subject of my sketch was familiar with family religion, the catechisms, and Sunday-school literature of the Church, long before a mother's tenderness and a father's care permitted him to act entirely for himself. But while a student he was brought to Christ through the instrumentality of Methodists; and both knowing and loving their doctrines and discipline, he united his fortunes with theirs

At the age of twenty-four he entered the Christian ministry. This was not done without a previous theological training. So severe were his studies that his eyes were permanently damaged. When I first met him, six years afterward, he read nothing at all except when performing the service of the Church. I notice that he was received on trial in the Kentucky

Conference in the year 1842. In the year 1846 this body was divided, and he went with the Louisville Conference. Having preached two years with great success in the city of Louisville, he was transferred to Tennessee. Here he remained until the Lord of the harvest called him home. He preached regularly for twenty-four years.

Mount Pleasant, Clarksville, Murfreesboro, Lebanon, Edgefield, and Nashville were the fields of Dr. Baldwin's labors among us. I presume no man was ever more popular or useful in any of these charges. Certainly none ever drew such crowds of hearers from without. His preaching was novel and eloquent. He did not sermonize. What cared he for homiletic rules? He held forth the word of life.

After leaving a place he was frequently invited to return—for marriage ceremonies, for funeral sermons, to deliver lectures, or assist in revivals—and was always received with demonstrations of delight. His commanding form, his graceful gestures, his thrilling voice, and sparkling eyes have been so recently before us, in the pulpit and on the rostrum, that we can almost feel *yet* the glow and enthusiasm created by his magical eloquence.

Dr. Baldwin's first book was "The Seventh Trumpet." I do not think he laid much stress on this production. I never heard him allude to it in any way. Its circulation was limited. There was no second edition. His most famous work came next—"Arma-

geddon." It was bought by thousands, and read by tens of thousands. Old men were so much pleased that they delivered lectures upon it. Young men were so captivated that they borrowed sermons from it. The first question put to me in Lexington, Mo., was, "Do you preach 'Armageddon?'" It found its way to Europe. Dr. Cummings, the no-popery champion of London, read it. Fitzgerald says thousands were circulated in California during the late war. His third book was a Christian biography: "The Life of Mrs. Norton." Then came "Dominion," of which a recent critic says: "It is a work leveled at ethnological infidelity—a tracing of the primordial laws of Providence in reference to the tribes and races of men, and the relations they hold to each other." This book would have circulated extensively but for the war. Its style is superior to "Armageddon." It is said that his last production is now in the hands of a publisher of Philadelphia. Besides, he wrote all sorts of things for the periodical press—lyric poems, notes of travel, stories, and controversial papers.

Dr. Baldwin, though he attended twenty-four Annual Conferences and three General Conferences, was no parliamentary orator. He did make one fifteen-minute speech in the General Conference at New Orleans. That was a solemn and eloquent protest against taking the word "South" from the name of his Church.

Dr. Baldwin became the pastor of the McKendree Church, in the city of Nashville, October, 1861, and

continued in that relation until the day of his death. During the occupancy of his pulpit by Northern propagandists, he employed his time in visiting the sick, supplying the wants of poor Confederate prisoners, many of whom he saved from execution. Having been imprisoned for a long time, he knew how to sympathize with his unfortunate countrymen. In addition to these works of charity and mercy he supported his family, working with his own hands during the week, and preaching wherever he could collect an audience on the Sabbath. Tulip Street Church, in Edgefield, contributed largely to his necessities.

During the prevalence of cholera in Nashville Dr. Baldwin was engaged in promoting a revival of religion, which finally resulted in more than one hundred additions to his Church. He attended service every night, and labored with his usual zeal. Early in the morning he was on the wing, visiting the penitent and the sick, consoling the dying, and burying the dead. Finally, on the night of September 27, 1866, he was attacked with the cholera. With a little variation he grew worse and worse every day, until the cold hand of death was laid upon his great heart. This was done on the evening of October 8th, at a quarter-past eight o'clock. His last immortal sentence was spoken to Dr. Green in answer to this question: "How are your thoughts employed?" "*I was contemplating the expanding glories of the future state.*"

His loving wife, Caroline Eliza Moorman, was

taken to the promised land a few months only before her husband's departure. They leave six orphan children in the hands of intelligent and pious relatives, who are abundantly able to train them up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

In all the arrangements that contribute to the magnificence, solemnity, and instruction of a funeral Nashville never witnessed the like before. James K. Polk was a member of the same Church, and his corpse was removed to the city of the dead from the same venerable building; yet the *cortege* of the ex-President of the United States did not equal that of the faithful Methodist preacher, Samuel Davies Baldwin.

It was six hours from the reception of the body at the parsonage until it was left in the grave, four miles distant. The service was read by Dr. Sawrie. Dr. Summers offered the *extempore* prayer. Eulogies were delivered by Dr. McFerrin and Dr. Green. The services at the grave were conducted by the Masonic Fraternity.

Nashville, 1866.

V. WM. M. THACKERAY.

THE NOVELIST.

YOU are invited to read a short sketch of William Makepeace Thackeray, author of twenty volumes —namely: "The Newcomes," 2 vols.; "History of Pendennis," 2 vols.; "Vanity Fair;" "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century;" "The Luck of Berry Lyndon," 2 vols.; "Confessions of Fitz-Boodle and Major Gahagan;" "Men's Wives;" "A Shabby-genteel Story, and Other Tales;" "Jeames's Diary, a Legend of the Rhine;" "The Book of Snobs;" "The Paris Sketch-Book," 2 vols.; "The Yellow-plush Papers;" "Punch's Prize Novelists;" "Ballads;" "Prince," etc.; and "Lectures," etc.

Of this long list, the "Humorists," the "Ballads," and the "Lectures," are worth reading through; the others ought not to be recommended too highly.

Thackeray, the satirist, the humorist, the novelist, is now before us; the man who is said to be indorsed by many of the first minds of Europe. Is he prematurely gray? I think not. His lower limbs totter, his hands tremble, his hair is almost white: he is an old man. If not, he has been slightly paralyzed, or given to dissipation, or greatly enervated by study. His head is large; forehead wide and low; eyes ele-

gantly spectacled; nose small; cheeks fat; mouth large; chin decidedly aristocratic; face whiskerless; neck rather short; arms long; body robust—feeds it on roast beef and plum-pudding, exposes it to pure air, and bathes it in cold water; lower limbs lengthy; feet huge.

Thackeray towers above ordinary men as the mountain towers above surrounding hills. He must be six feet four inches. His dress is black; extremely plain: not a piece of gold to be seen on his person, except spectacles and watch-chain. Real gentlemen never bedeck themselves with jewelry; but if you want a vulgar person to run wild in his admiration of you, come into his presence wearing a seal as large as a brickbat! Infants, idiots, Indians, and some others are fond of trinkets.

Before an audience Thackeray stands perfectly still, or leans indolently against the desk. He holds his manuscript with his left hand, and puts the right into his vest pocket, where it remains during the lecture, unless its assistance is required in turning a leaf. With a voice of fine, deep tones, a composition almost faultless, he reads like one who had been in the world ever since he was born.

It has been said that there is always something lacking or something out of place when Thackeray arises to lecture. One evening, during his course on the "Georges," a gentleman said to a literary friend: "Do you see that desk, that platform, those chairs,

etc.? Do you see any thing wanting, any thing out of the way?" "No," he replied; "every thing looks very neat and convenient." "Wait," said the first speaker, "until Thackeray comes, and you will see." Very soon, Thackeray came aboard the platform, and the *elite* gave him as hearty a round of applause as thin soles and kid gloves can produce. Major William M. Morrison, in his easy and elegant way, introduced him to the auditory. With this came another round of applause. Thackeray turned to the Major, and asked him to give notice that the lecture for the next evening would be on George IV. This done, the desk was not high enough, and a gentleman was dispatched for a load of blank-books to make it higher. Then the pitcher of water must be lifted from the floor, and placed upon the desk. Finally, he lectured on George III., and such a lecture!

Thackeray and his employers deemed his fame all that was necessary to bring out a large audience. When he was engaged for two lectures, one of the leading morning papers stated so much, and no more. No sketch of his life appeared; no list of his works was given; no history of his lecturing tours in the United States was printed; no columns of quotations, from other newspapers that have either praised or blamed, were made up; none of the usual trumpeting, which nearly always precedes other lecturing heroes, was heard. No placards, no pamphlets, no puffing—nothing but Thackeray and his "Georges!"

Many thought he was not coming. But he came. The papers next morning stated that he was on hand, and would lecture. At half-past seven o'clock that evening every sitting in the hall was taken at fifty cents entrance. At eight o'clock, the evening after, the seats and chairs were all occupied, and many persons only obtained standing-room. Some of these were ladies.

His lecture on George III. is brief, conversational, anecdotal, humorous, gossipy. Withal, it is more spiritual than you would expect from Thackeray. He has read up the subject, such as it is, with great care, and has culled the spiciest items. Occasionally there occurs a passage which shows all the artist. He ought to have followed painting, as well as authorship. Of this character is the description of good, old Protestant George, in his last years, after he became blind, deaf, and hopelessly bereft of reason. The vividness of this picture, the artistic heightening of its pathetic tints, the tragic grandeur of the principal figure, the exquisite charm of a style almost perfect, produce a whole seldom to be enjoyed, and superior, I think, even to the celebrated close of his lecture on the Dean of St. Patrick's.

His lecture on George IV. is longer, more sarcastic, more eloquent, and more instructive. In the description of streets and buildings, courts and company, furniture and dress, manners and gesture, which make up the principal parts of this lecture, Thackeray is

hardly excelled. The portrait he draws of George, the English Grand Lama, the seducer, the drunkard, the gambler, jockey, fop, spendthrift, "Defender of the Faith," "Head of the Church of England," and "First Gentleman of Europe," is one that will hang in the chamber of your memory for many years. There is scarcely any thing more beautiful in American literature—there is nothing more agreeable to American patriotism—than the contrast he draws between George IV. and George Washington, in the conclusion of this lecture. Thackeray describes the British society of George IV.'s day in most unflattering terms. Its baseness, profanity, drunkenness, and other unamiable traits, are made to pass before you; while any number of "pink-satin coats," "under-waistcoats," "nut-brown wigs," "cocked hats," "pig-tails," and enormous "shoe-buckles"—things not very majestic in the eye of reason—are brought into relief, to point his jests and win the applause of the audience. Thackeray "will never be shot for a Puritan," as Dr. Summers remarked of some one, not long since; still, as well as my memory serves, there is nothing in these two lectures offensive to the principles of orthodox Protestants. From what I have heard, I am free to say that his last book of lectures will be worth reading by those for whom it is written.

"Thackeray's Ballads," a book of two hundred and twenty-eight pages, published simultaneously in En-

gland and America, is very appropriately styled by its author a "little volume of verses." Take an extract:

To a Very Old Woman.

And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care—
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one—in chimney-corner thou
Sittest shivering on.

A moment—and thou sink'st to rest!
To make, perhaps, an angel blest,
In the bright presence of thy Lord.
O weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

Here are the concluding stanzas of the last ballad in the volume. It was first printed at the end of a Christmas Book, 1848:

The End of The Play.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
Bear kindly with my humble lays;
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas-days:
The shepherds heard it overhead,
The joyful angels raised it then:
"Glory to Heaven on high," it said,
"And peace on earth to gentlemen."

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

Thackeray's series of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" were delivered at home and in several of our large cities, during the winter of 1852–3. Swift, Congreve, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Pope, Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith make up the "series." The works of these great wits had for many years occupied the undisturbed corners of publishing houses

and book-stores—had been molested, only occasionally, by solitary spiders and stray book-worms, until Thackeray's first visit to New York. Then they were brought out of packing-rooms, displayed in show-cases, bought by the people, and thoroughly read. Thackeray's lectures affected the book-market, and changed the reading of New York City, for a whole season.

An eminent Scottish divine and critic says of this volume of lectures: "As a readable book this has seldom been surpassed. Whatever quantity of summer-salmon, hotch-potch, veal pie, and asparagus you may have been discussing, and however dreary you may feel after your dinner, Thackeray's amusing anecdotes and conversational style will keep you awake. Next to Macaulay and Hazlitt, he is the most entertaining of critics. You read his lectures with quite as much gusto as you do 'Pendennis,' and with infinitely more than you do such dull mimicry of the past as is to be found in 'Esmond.' Clever, too, of course; sagacious often, and sometimes powerful, are his criticisms; and a geniality not frequent in his fictions is often here. Sympathy with his subjects is also a quality he possesses and parades; indeed, he appears as one born out of his proper time, and seems, occasionally, to sigh for the age of big wigs, bagnios, and sponging-houses. Such are, we think, the main merits of this very popular volume."

I now bid farewell to the kind-hearted author of the

"History of Henry Esmond," and "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," wishing him a happy life, and heaven at last; and that his "Georges" and "Ballads" and "Humorists" may live on.

Thackeray was born in India. Accompanied his parents to England when a boy. Was educated for a gentleman. Has a genius for painting. Spent the early part of his life in amusing himself, the latter part in amusing the public. He denounces gambling. Lives in London.

Conclusion of Thackeray's Portrait of King George III.

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined, at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the king kissed his daughter's jolly cheeks; the princesses kissed their mother's hand; Madame Thielke brought the royal night-cap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The king had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the ante-room; or the king and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; the concert over, the king never failed to take off his enormous cocked hat, and salute his band, and say "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, can not be imagined. Rain or shine, the king

rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple-dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject *incognito*, the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendor. He used to give a guinea sometimes; sometimes feel in his pockets, and find he had no money; often ask a man a hundred questions about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an inclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George.

One day, when the king and queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asked the Windsor uniform. "I am the king's beef-eater's little boy," replied the child. On which the king said: "Then kneel down, and kiss the queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty king ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before any one else was up, the king walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the house-maid, who was scrubbing the door-steps, with her pail; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in their bed-rooms: and then trotted down to the

bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzza!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on the plain, wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true, hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him, in the old wig, in the little stout old hideous Windsor uniform, as the King of Brobdignag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in one hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy. Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king, and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vainglory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. There was no lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had published against them during the war; it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

In the capital "Burney Diary and Letters" the home and court life of good old King George and good old queen Charlotte are presented at portentous length. The king rose every morning at six; and had two hours to himself. He thought it effeminate to have a carpet in his bed-room. Shortly before eight, the queen and the royal family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the king's chapel in the castle. There were no fires in the passages; the chapel was

scarcely alight; princesses, governesses, equerries grumbled and caught cold; but, cold or hot, it was their duty to go, and, wet or dry, light or dark, the stout old George was always in his place to say "Amen!" to the chaplain.

The queen's character is represented in Burney at full length. She was a sensible, most decorous woman; a very grand lady on state occasions, simple enough in ordinary life; well read as times went, and giving shrewd opinions about books; stingy, but not unjust; not generally unkind to her dependents, but invincible in her notions of etiquette, and quite angry if her people suffered ill-health in her service. She gave Miss Burney a shabby pittance, and led the poor young woman a life which well-nigh killed her. She never thought but that she was doing Burney the greatest favor, in taking her from freedom, fame, and competence, and killing her off with languor in that dreary court. It was not dreary to her. Had she been servant instead of mistress, her spirit would never have broken down; she never would have put a pin out of place, or been a moment from her duty. *She* was not weak, and she could not pardon those who were. She was perfectly correct in life, and she hated poor sinners with a rancor such as virtue sometimes has. She must have had awful private trials of her own; not merely with her children, but with her husband, in those long days about which nobody will ever know any thing now, when he was not quite insane; when his incessant tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution; and she had to smile, and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable *ennui*. The queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a state christening the lady who held the infant was tired, and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. "Let her stand," said the queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard

was grown. "I'm seventy years of age," the queen said, facing a mob of ruffians who stopped her sedan; "I have been fifty years Queen of England, and I never was insulted before." Fearless, rigid, unforgiving little queen! I don't wonder that her sons revolted from her.

From November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady; all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary Parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture, as it was taken at that time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred foreign reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless, but became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of the world of God were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord; when he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him; but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story? what words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. O brothers! speak-

ing the same mother-tongue; O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries: "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

> Vex not his ghost—O let him pass! He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, Park curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy.

St. Louis, 1856.

VI. BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE TRAVELER.

I HEARD Bayard Taylor last night. I have seen and heard this celebrated traveler before. Directly after his last return from the Old World to the United States, he was invited west of the Mississippi as a public lecturer. His audiences were not large enough, but his subjects were. On the occasion alluded to Mr. Taylor selected, as the subject of his first lecture, "The Arab." During its delivery he repeated the description of "Sultan Fillmore's Palace," as given by himself to a company of credulous and amazed Arabs. The reader will probably recollect this remarkable specimen of American boasting. It was copied into the secular press generally throughout our country, and was headed, "Bayard Taylor Abroad," or "An American Abroad," or "A Yankee Abroad," etc. Mr. Taylor was telling us of the propensity of the Arab to lie. He remained in Arabia, and associated with the descendants of Ishmael so long that he found himself under the influence of the same disposition. One night he had listened to their marvelous stories—almost equal to "Arabian Nights"—until he could endure no longer. So he prepared himself for the wordy combat, and spoke out. The

result was his description of "Sultan Fillmore's Palace." They hyperbolized no more to the subject of the great "Sultan Fillmore." He observed to us that he had abandoned the practice, measurably, since he had gotten back among matter-of-fact, truth-loving people. I confess to an astonishment at the stories contained in "Arabian Nights"—have always considered them as the production of an order of mind not now possessed or manifested; but, since listening to Mr. Taylor's account of the conversation of the inmates of an Arab's tent, during a long evening—and especially since hearing his description of the gorgeous visions which he and his *compagnon du voyage* had, while under the influence of one of their "drinks"—my astonishment has somewhat abated. I think he could write a pretty good continuation of that remarkable book.

The subject of the second lecture was "Japan and the Japanese." He gave us an account, at considerable length, of the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan, accompanied with many valuable reflections on the nature and probable results of that hazardous voyage. This lecture was more interesting than the first. We know much of the Arabs; we know very little of the Japanese; consequently, in his first lecture, he told us much that was familiar; in his second, we heard scarcely any thing that we knew before. Mr. Taylor left next morning, I believe—left us to shine on some more intellectual people—left in disgust, no doubt; for our people had exhibited a total

want of ability to appreciate a modest and sensible man, who desired to give them instruction in a modest and sensible way. Robert Hall said once of the Liverpool people: "What a parcel of pigs they must be, not to like Dr. McAll!" So say I of any people who do not greet Bayard Taylor.

More than a year has passed away, and the distinguished poet, traveler, editor, and author is in our midst again. We have repented of the injustice we once did him, and last night, from the platform of the grandest saloon of the West, he looked out upon fifteen hundred smiling faces. After all, that interesting individual known as "The Public" is a person of more discrimination than we are accustomed to think. Prof. George William Curtis, a traveling *litterateur*, who spent four years abroad, who wrote the "Nile Notes," "Howadji in Syria," "Lotus-eating," and the "Potiphar Papers," stood and delivered us three lectures not long since. His ineffably small talk, his old-maidish love of slang, his poorly-disguised contempt for religion and its ministers, and even his occasional excess of charm, left the community barely willing ever to see him or hear him again. The Rev. Dr. Achilli, too, an Italian of world-wide notoriety, the mildness of whose lectures against Popery is only surpassed by their fury against Protestantism, is scarcely out of town. "The Public" here sent him on last Sunday evening not more than one hundred people to be "morally pitched into." And Dr. Cox, "the old

man eloquent," may visit us again, if he chooses, as a patriotic American, as a new-school Presbyterian clergyman, as the central charm of many an evening *coterie;* but in all good conscience we shall find no further use for him as a lecturer on history. Taylor has spent no more money than Curtis—perhaps not so much—in the gratifications of foreign travel: Taylor has been abroad no longer than Curtis—I think not so long; but he went abroad with a different pair of eyes, and he returned a better-balanced man. Taylor has endured and suffered no more than Dr. Achilli—not near so much; but his endurance and sufferings have left him a milder, a wiser, and a better man than the great Italian. Taylor has some learning, has seen some things, and written a few books, as well as Dr. Cox; but then, he understands so much better how to keep himself modestly in the background than the great Doctor. The one is always the hero of his own story in his own estimation, but is never so in yours; the other is never the hero in his own eyes, but is always so in yours. Taylor can occupy our homes, our hearts, and our halls, for a whole season; for the others we care—not much.

His subject was "India." In his long wanderings he had often been excited, bnt never so much as when approaching the shores of India. A new country appears new. America is a new country. Its air, its forests, its waters, its earth are fresh, and seem as if "made to order." An old country looks old. India

is an old country. The air, the forests, the waters, and the soil are old, and seem to have been in use a long time. India resembles Mexico. If he had been carried to India asleep, and had been waked up in the interior of the country, he would have looked around him and exclaimed: "This is Mexico!" If the people of these United States were not so obstinately opposed to the acquisition of new territory (?), they might some day govern as beautiful a country as India—namely, Mexico. The Himalaya Mountains were lofty and grand beyond description. We ought at least to respect the reverence and devotion of the Hindoos. The basis of their cumbrous and imposing system of religion is a true one—a belief in the existence of one God. The Hindoos believe that all English and Americans are unclean; that every vessel touched by them is unclean. His journey through their country occasioned the destruction of much crockery. When thirsty he would ask the use of a vessel to dip some water; they would refuse, of course; he would take the vessel, and drink; they would break it forthwith, because he, a sinner, had polluted it. The literature of India is perhaps the oldest, most extensive, and most beautiful in the world. The Sanskrit, or sacred language of the Hindoos, is said to be the finest of all languages for the expression of metaphysical thought. Mr. Taylor concluded with a very able estimate of the government of India under the British East India Company. On the whole India

has been benefited; and yet, the Company has frequently been guilty of acts of injustice, and even cruelty, toward the natives. These are a few of the "stand-points" which the lecturer made while passing through a production teeming with thought as India teems with inhabitants.

Since writing I have heard Mr. Taylor on the "Philosophy of Travel." Heretofore his lectures had been in the narrative style, or rather, I should say, the descriptive style—the style of his books—descriptions of voyages and journeys, different lands and their inhabitants, manners and customs, temples of religion and worship of gods. It was therefore natural that his admirers should feel some anxiety about his success as a lecturer on abstract subjects. We have heard him; and our verdict is this: If Mr. Taylor has been traveling to furnish himself with matter for poems, books, or lectures, he need travel no longer. And if any one should inquire why he has traveled so much, so early in life, this lecture is the key which explains the whole of his travels and toils, his self-denials, and his remarkable life. He is an insane man, and nothing short of it, if there is not a reality and a reasonableness in the motives which have governed him. Look at the nations of ancient and modern times that have traveled. They have been the known and acknowledged powers of the world. Look at the nations of ancient and modern times that have, under the influence of indolence or the laws of caste, re-

mained at home. They have ever been the dwarfed, unknown, and unknowing people of earth. The Anglo-Saxon race is a traveling race; and it is yet destined, in more respects than one, to rule the world. The negro race discovers no propensity to travel, except now and then from our Southern States to Canada; and of all the races of men, it has the least influence. I know of some sapient fathers and fond mothers who never were, and never will be, willing for their sons to open their eyes beyond their own visible horizon. Keep them close at home, dear old friends; but if your neighbor's manly and enterprising son returns from abroad, do not wonder why everybody considers him, and why he really is, amazingly superior to your huge tun of a boy.

Mr. Taylor has seen every land and nearly every city from California to Japan, and consequently nearly every city and every land from Japan to California has seen this earnest and remarkable young man. It was befitting, therefore, that he should close his present "Course" with a lecture on the "Animal Man." Perhaps no one, save the venerable Humboldt, is better prepared to write on man's animal nature than Bayard Taylor. He has seen man in every zone of the earth; in every state of society, from the savage to the enlightened; rejoicing or sorrowing under every form of government or anarchy; elevated or depressed by every system of religion, from the life-giving doctrines of the Church of Christ to the wild

vagaries and unmeaning ceremonies of the countrymen of Confucius, and in every social position, from the Hindoo servant, who calls himself "your beast," to the palaced Londoner. *He knows the animal man.* To hear this lecture on "Man," though the earth was covered deep, and the snow still falling rapidly from clouds that promised an abundance, hundreds of solid men and fair women assembled in our "Grand Hall." As the Scotchman wrote of Channing's mind, I write of this lecture: "It was planted as thick with thoughts as a backwood of his own magnificent land; and, when loosened in eloquence, they moved down on the slow and solemn current of his style, like floats of fir descending one of the American rivers."

Of the purely literary man whom I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing, Bayard Taylor is the most unequivocally religious. He quotes patriarchs, kings, and prophets, Christ and his apostles, as authorities not to be disputed. He describes with religious enthusiasm the bright "sun" of Christianity obscuring the pale "crescent" of Mohammedanism. He glories in the belief that all men will yet worship the true God and adopt the Christian faith. He tried to remember and observe the Sabbath-day in Central Africa. He announces boldly that in all his perils, by land and by sea, he felt he was protected by the hand of God. He advises young men to travel; to enter upon their voyages trusting in the providence of God, and they will return safely to their homes,

wiser and better men. How different the sentiments of Mr. "Howadji" Curtis, in his lecture on the "Gilt and Gold of Young America!" Take this for example: The young preacher, without any knowledge of the world, goes from his study to the pulpit, and confidently says: "*Be good! Be good!* But the wiser elder, having acquired a large knowledge of mankind, enters his pulpit, and modestly says: "*If you can not be good, be as good as you can.*" Such advice as the former we would expect from Mr. Taylor; such as the latter we would expect from Mr. Curtis.

Bayard Taylor is a native of Pennsylvania, and is thirty years of age. He is perhaps six feet in height, with quite a slender frame. He is a very young, lively, healthy, handsome-looking man, who wears black hair on his head and chin and upper lip, and covers his body with plain black cloth. He comes to his lectures late, stands before his audience erect and fearless, gestures indifferently, enunciates slowly and distinctly—so much so that you could quite easily call out the marks of punctuation as he proceeds. "He certainly has been a printer, or an editor, or both," a stranger remarked.

Bayard Taylor's first production was a small volume of poems; then came "Views Afoot, or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff," in 1847. "Rhymes of Travel, Ballads, and Other Poems" appeared in 1848. "Eldorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," two volumes in one, was published in 1850.

"Poems of the Orient" appeared in Boston in 1854; "Romances, Lyrics, and Songs," about the same time. I have two other volumes before me by Mr. Taylor, one "A Journey to Central Africa," and the other the "Lands of the Saracen," both published in 1855. His lectures, when published, will be his most interesting book to many readers.

One who has labored so hard, traveled so far, and written this pile of volumes now before me, might, just turned of thirty, now enjoy a little of that Oriental repose of which he speaks so eloquently.

St. Louis, 1855.

VII. H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I WILL trouble you first with his *titles*. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester and Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, and Lord of the Isles. And yet the young man who wears all these is an exceedingly plain, modest, and *timid* personage. Wears shoes, gray pantaloons, and vest to match, striped shirt, and a dark-blue business coat, short hair, and a black hat (rather well worn). There is not a piece of jewelry or personal ornament about him. Being a well-bred Englishman, of course there is not. Let fashionable young gentlemen "take notice."

In this country, out of courtesy to our democracy, and that the strict etiquette appertaining to royalty may not be subjected to violations, he assumes his lowest title, that of Lord Renfrew. The Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of St. Germain's, Lord Lyons, Major-general Bruce, Major Teasdale, Captain Grey, Dr. Acland, Mr. Englehart, Mr. Jenner, Mr. Warre, and their attendants, twenty-six in all, make up the royal party.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States affords the severest test of Christian virtue, in

a national relation, that our people have ever had. We are brought face to face with a descendant of the old Georges (Thackeray's royal brutes), and find ourselves obliged to manifest our feelings, good or bad, for the future commander of all the "red-coats" in the world. It is an evidence of the progress of civilization, and of the general intelligence of the American people, that the Prince's reception has so far been an unbroken ovation; and that, up to the date of his arrival in the great city of the West, unbounded hospitality has waited upon him, and cordial welcomes, not exceeded even by what he experienced in Canada, among his own people, have been extended to him. It is gratifying to know that such a fraternity of nations is possible. It is a triumph of civilization over barbarism, of peace over war, of humanity over the diabolism of destructiveness.

It is gratifying, too, to know that the Prince of Wales, by many facts and associations, is worthy to receive these tokens of personal and national kindness. He is the oldest son of an exemplary mother, who knows how to rule her own life by the Christian decalogue, her own household after the manner of the Protestant Church, and a great people according to the requirements of an advanced civilization. And his father, too, by a life of assiduous study and enterprise, has done much to develop the arts, and advance the material interests of mankind. During the reign of Victoria the British Government has been very

liberal toward all nations, and particularly so toward the United States. The social position of American citizens residing near the Court has been distinguished, and yet easy—the etiquette of royalty, sanctioned as it is in England by centuries of usage, being happily allowed to blend with republican simplicity. The highest characteristics of courtesy and true politeness have always marked the intercourse of the present reigning family of Great Britain with all mankind; and on this ground alone, by the universal law of good breeding, the Prince of Wales is entitled to honorable and gentle receptions wherever he goes.

The Prince and suite have reached this city, I believe, by way of Niagara, Detroit, and Chicago. They travel in special trains placed at their disposal by the various companies over whose roads they pass. They are always preceded by a "pilot-engine," to see if the track is all right. They exhibit the same indisposition to having their necks broken common to the sons of Adam.

The Prince is remarkably fond of hunting. The party stopped at Dwight, Ill., on last Tuesday; went out to Stewart's Grove, and shot quails, prairie-chickens, and rabbits the livelong day. They bagged about two hundred as the result of the day's sport. He inherits this fondness. Eight hundred years ago his venerable ancestor, William the Conqueror, "loved the high deer as if they were his kin."

They arrived at Alton, Ill. (a city which silk-stocking Willis calls "a *small landing* at the mouth of the Missouri River"), at three o'clock on Wednesday. A spontaneous crowd of a few thousand republicans had assembled to see this young scion of royalty walk from the cars to the deck of the steamer "City of Alton." Nor was this curiosity, in itself, mean or unworthy. We are so made that we love to see and learn; and when an object of legitimate interest has for us the charm of novelty, curiosity is praiseworthy in proportion as it is intense. "I am a man," exclaimed the ancient sage, "and whatever pertains to man is of interest to me." Without a particle of undemocratic deference, our people may laudably gratify the wish to see the heir prospective of the British throne. Nor need any, save those who feel that their democracy is dying out, seek to stimulate it by indulging in depreciatory criticism upon a gentleman because he happens to be called a Prince.

Sundry gentlemen in gray coats and white hats soon emerged from the cars, with some hinderances, and succeeded in moving through the swaying and accompanying throng. Among them the slender and meek-looking man, who advanced as if eager to escape the polite attentions paid him, was voted to be the Prince. From the shore to the deck a passage was kept free, and the Queen's son passed on board, with a single companion, in advance of his party. The eagerness and keenness with which his person and features were

scanned seemed rather to discompose him, and he sought a temporary relief by inspecting the clean planks of the deck. His party being all on board, they remained a few moments on the lower deck, while his Highness waited with amiable patience to be delivered from his part in the show. Meanwhile, the ejaculations, exclamations, sententious reflections, etc., of the surveying spectators were incessant and eloquent—such as: "His nose is Roman." "Why don't he look up?" "He seems fagged." "He looks pleasant." "He's bow-legged!" "Which is he?" "It's the one with the cane in his mouth." "La! is that the Prince?" "I thought his hair was lighter." "Isn't he stoop-shouldered?" "There, he's talking to the big-whiskered man." "He's regular Dutch!" "There is no harm in *him*, sure!" "That cane!" "Won't he make a speech?" etc., indefinitely.

The run from Alton to St. Louis was made in two hours, the royal party standing on the "texas," and the Prince sitting quietly in the pilot-house. The entrance of the turbid Missouri into the clear Mississippi particularly attracted their attention. At length the gay steamer rounded to at the packet-landing, where thousands upon thousands of freemen had congregated. The Prince looked appalled at the prospect before him. Five elegant chaises were in waiting from Barnum's Hotel, and by the assistance of the police, the strangers found their way into them, and were driven, with great difficulty, through the im-

mense throng. Meanwhile, the band paraded on the hurricane deck of the steamer "Florence," and played "God Save the Queen" and "Hail Columbia!" It is proper to state that this was no pre-arranged and formal reception; the Prince desires none such. It was wholly spontaneous. When the party had taken rooms at Barnum's, the Mayor and others called on them, and tendered the hospitalities of the city. During the night they received two delightful serenades.

Yesterday was the fourth day of our great National Fair. It is supposed there are fifty thousand strangers in the city; and, as the business houses and public schools were closed, it is thought the city added fifty thousand more to the throng on the Fair-grounds. I had heard and read of "acres of people;" but now, for the first time, I saw them. Not one, or two, or ten, but fifty acres, black with moving humanity—the largest crowd ever assembled on the continent of America. At half-past twelve o'clock, after a long drive through the principal streets of our city, the Prince and *suite* entered the Fair-grounds. They were accompanied by a number of our most distinguished citizens — Mayor Filley, Colonel O'Fallon, Edward Bates, Dr. Charles A. Pope, Dr. Adreon, James E. Yeatman, D. A. January, and others. The Prince was drawn in an open barouche, with four black horses; the others followed in carriages drawn by two horses each. This was the central figure of our Annual Fair; and if a premium had been offered for "*blooded*"

men, his Royal Highness would have taken the blue ribbon, for he belongs to a long line of kings.

As they drove around the arena the band played "Hail to the Chief;" when they were drawn up and received at the Pagoda, "God save the Queen;" afterward, "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," when the cheering became wild, irrepressible, and indescribable. The royal party lifted their hats, and we gazed upon a spectacle so rarely seen—a company of *astonished* Englishmen. I imagined the Prince was thinking his lion could not roar at all, and that he would never be able to retake this country! No wonder he looked so modest and retiring, and scarcely raised his mild blue eyes! He might have been thinking of the might that lurked in the muscle of that multitude.

After inspecting some thorough-bred cattle and horses, seeing some of the "outside shows," and lunching at the Directors' rooms, the royal party entered their carriages, and drove back to the city. Late in the afternoon they visited the Academy of Fine Arts, the dome of the court house; and at night were entertained with steam fire-engines and serenades. They left this morning at nine o'clock, in a special train for Cincinnati.

Such is a very hasty and very meager account of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Far West. Two things connected with it appear to me very remarkable. No heir-apparent ever traveled so far with so small a retinue without getting into trouble; and

no human being ever left a better impression on all sorts of people.

He comes amongst us without any show or parade of royalty. In fact, he throws aside all the insignia of office, rank, and power, and desires to assume the character of a private gentleman, traveling to gratify a laudable curiosity, and to gather a knowledge of the world that may be useful to him and his future subjects. In this capacity he should be greeted with all the courtesy and genuine hospitality which the true sons of liberty know how to exhibit. He represents the greatest political power in the world—a realm on which the sun never sets; and it is a happy circumstance that has brought him, before assuming the scepter, to spend a few months in social intercourse with his future subjects in Canada, and their neighbors in these United States. May he live long to bless a free and willing people with the rule of a wise prince! and may England and America never strive, except in their emulative efforts to promote the interests of humanity!

St. Louis, 1860.

VIII. AUGUSTA J. EVANS.

THE SOUTHERN NOVELIST.

FOR my own amusement, and, it may be, for the entertainment of others, I propose to sketch Miss Evans, the novelist. The ride from this city to Mobile was on an old weather-beaten blockade-runner—the "Alabama." The night was cloudy and windy, the waters rough. A great many excellent people were on board; some slightly distinguished in mercantile, military, and professional life. A few preachers withal, going over from the General Conference to fill the Mobile pulpits on Sunday. An Arkansas man was witty and wise, anecdotical and oratorical—confessed he was going over to Mobile to see the authoress of "Beulah."

Morning and evening I worshiped in St. Francis Street, a large, heavy, costly church, situated in the heart of the city. A well-clad, intellectual, and serious congregation assembles here. These grave and weighty Methodists are served by Dr. Neely, the most eloquent pulpit rhetorician in fifteen Southern States. Their choir is led by Miss Augusta J. Evans—she being a disciple of John Wesley, and not a skeptic, as some suppose.

For the benefit of my Arkansas friend it was ar-

ranged that Miss Evans should spend the afternoon at the house of her pastor. Awhile after dinner she arrived—the fair little woman, plainly attired, with a grand cranium above her eyes, and a brave heart beating below them. She talked naturally, sensibly, and with amazing fluency. She talked of a monument for the Confederate dead of Mobile, to cost seventeen thousand dollars; of the reports before the General Conference from the Committee on Changes of Economy; of certain cardinal doctrines she had traced out in all religions; of traditions found in all mythologies; of beautiful stories contained in the old Jewish Targums and Talmuds, that ought to be recast by some modern artist; of Tennyson's poems; and her "*friend*, General Beauregard." I infer from her conversation that she reads French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and now wants a teacher in Hebrew and Chaldee.

My Arkansas friend put in now and then, as in duty bound, to maintain the conversation with her; but he finally subsided into a mere listener until she was through. Then he told his famous parrot story. Miss Evans laughed long and joyfully, and called for another; but Winfield, knowing that literary women want listeners, and not talkers, contributed nothing further to the entertainment. I, your contributor, having been reared in rural retirement, and having never seen an authoress before, maintained the profoundest silence.

These Southern people are extremely fond of music. Every church has its organ and choir. They are not puritanical; they seem to think that one instrument is about as *religious* as another. On this occasion, Sabbath afternoon, the piano was opened, and Miss Evans played several sacred pieces. Some were loud and stately, others low and pathetic—all admirably well done. If any part of her education has been neglected, it is not the musical. With one or two exceptions, she is the best performer I have heard.

Miss Evans was born in Georgia—the oldest child of highly-respectable and well-educated parents. For some reason, her mother determined to superintend her education, and actually heard her recitations from beginning to end of the usual course of study. Fortunately, this child of genius had a mother capable of directing her studies. The story goes that Miss Evans has never been in school six months; the fact is that she has had the best training possible. "*We must have mothers in France*," said Madame Campan to Bonaparte. From that moment he set the mothers of France to the work of education.

During her childhood her parents went to reside in San Antonio, Texas. Here she gathered the material and arranged the plot of "Inez, a Tale of the Alamo." After a sermon in St. Francis Street Church, in 1854, Dr. Neely came down into the altar, and was introduced to Mrs. Evans and her daughter, Augusta. Mrs. Evans insisted, with some earnestness, that he

must spend a day at her house during the week. He went out, and was astonished to that find the little girl whom he met in the altar was contracting habits of authorship. By the advice of her mother, she submitted the manuscript of "Inez" to the Doctor for inspection and criticism. He was kind enough to take it home, and read it, and write twelve pages of suggestions and criticisms, and return it; but the headstrong girl did not heed one word he had written—took the manuscript, journeyed North, and brought out a book, before she was seventeen years old. It paid expenses, and a little more.

Henry Ward Beecher sometimes gets the credit or discredit of writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I was always of the opinion that a woman wrote it. Dr. Neely is charged with writing a *part* of "Beulah"—namely, the skeptical part. The facts are these. As soon as Miss Evans passed her twentieth year she commenced writing "Beulah." When the work was completed, she took it into town, and read one chapter to him — that was all he saw of it until the portly novel was in the hands of the book-sellers. "Beulah" was also published in the North, and was a great success. It paid expenses, and left a handsome sum of money in the hands of the authoress.

"Macaria," her last published book, was written during the progress of the Civil War. It was published in South Carolina, and had an immense circulation. Miss Evans's fame was now up, and her *baskets*

were filled with clean Confederate money. Biographical sketches of the Mobile novelist were plentiful, and her eyes looked mildly on you from the pages of sumptuous octavos. All this at twenty-five!

Miss Evans lives on one of the city railways, about two miles from Mobile. Her home is ample—surrounded by heavy trees and tangled undergrowth, a place befitting a poet. Here she lives quietly, or desires to do so. But rich school-masters, literary preachers, and Confederate Generals—all unmarried—will break the stillness of her seclusion occasionally. One morning she arose (I was told), looked after the breakfast, cleaned up the house, dressed for the parlor, and received forty-two gentlemen before two o'clock. It is after these and similar *annoyances* that she relapses into the realms of romance.

There is nothing dreamy or eccentric about Miss Evans. She is a healthy, practical, straightforward Christian woman. She rises early, assists her mother in household affairs, and looks after the interests and education of four or five younger sisters. When she comes into the city to spend a few days with her friends she brings a basketful of "work." Like the girls in the history of "Sergeant Dale," she sings psalms and darns stockings equally well.

During the days of the Confederacy no woman in Mobile was more attentive to the sick soldiers than Miss Evans. While they lived there was one bright spirit that never forsook them; when they died her

eloquent tongue gave them counsel and comfort. And now, Bellona having unharnessed the terrible horses of Mars, she proposes to collect their bodies together and mark the spot by a magnificent monument.

A portrait of Miss Evans—a masterpiece—will be exhibited at the approaching World's Fair in Paris. The newspapers say her war novel will be out this summer; afterward, she proposes to make the usual fashionable tour of Europe. Long may she live to laugh and sing, to talk and write, for the amusement, entertainment, and instruction of womankind!

New Orleans, 1866.

IX. REV. JOHN HANNAH, D.D.

BRITISH DELEGATE.

A RIDE on the rail, commencing at five o'clock in the afternoon, and ending at one o'clock the next day, makes the trip from St. Louis to Indianapolis. Only twenty hours out! and one crosses the "Father of Waters," the country of the "Suckers," and enters deep into the land of the "Hoosiers." Dickens thinks the Americans call all almost every little collection of houses a "city." Very good. The capital of Indiana is *a city* of "magnificent distances." Every man seems to have as much amplitude of street, yard, garden, and lot as could be desired, out of the country; and to content himself with a small house elegantly built. In number, architectural beauty, and perfect adaptation to the purposes for which they have been constructed, the public buildings of Indianapolis would be creditable to any place of its size. Out of Washington City I have seen no place where they form so prominent a feature. The hospitality of the citizens is not remarkable. A member of the General Conference wrote during the session: "The resources of private hospitality are completely exhausted." A Southern village of twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants will entertain an Annual Conference with

its crowds of visitors; its separate families complain while you are there that they have not as many guests as they agreed to take, and petition the Conference to assemble there the next year; but the city of Indianapolis, with four years to make ready, can not entertain a General Conference of two hundred and twenty members without completely exhausting the resources of its private hospitality. There were also about two hundred visitors, official and unofficial, attending the session. Most of the "unofficials" were able to pay their board; and all of them found an opportunity of doing so, at from four to fourteen dollars per week. If any of my acquaintances,

> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

should land at Indianapolis, my advice is to go at once to the "Bates House." There you will find a man behind the desk who can decide in so short a space of time as from dinner to dark exactly what room you are to occupy—particularly if you are in a hurry—and who can make up his mind, between supper and bed-time, *that you can't have that room!* These things aside, Indianapolis is a charming place. I know of no place north of Mason and Dixon's line I would select for a home sooner than this. Churches are abundant, and well filled; and during the session of the General Conference of course Methodism was the "established religion." It is the head-quarters of Dr. Ames, the youngest and one of the ablest Bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. John Hannah, D.D., senior representative of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Great Britain to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, was the guest of his excellency, Governor Wright. Among a people like the English, who pay great deference to position, and worship men in high political places, this fact will be mentioned. In this country, where the majority of men are sovereigns, and distinguished men are so abundant, it is difficult to determine which was complimented. Governor Wright is a shrewd man and a successful politician; Dr. Hannah is a useful preacher and a sound theologian. Both are men of talents, without an atom of genius.

Dr. Hannah had been received by the General Conference, and had delivered his opening address; had preached in Wesley Chapel on Sunday to an overflowing house, and had made a model speech at the anniversary of the Tract Society, before the day arrived for the delivery of his sermon to the General Conference as a body. This sermon was preached in the afternoon of Wednesday, May 14, in Wesley Chapel, before the entire Conference. The text was 2 Cor. v. 21: "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." The subject was: "Reconciliation, and the Ministry of Reconciliation." At the time I could have given you the outlines of the sermon quite easily; but as soon as the final "Amen!" was pro-

nounced, on motion of the Rev. John A. Collins, of Baltimore, the Conference resolved to publish it. So I dismissed them from my mind.

This was a great occasion. Dr. Hannah was fully himself, I am told. He is a large, solid, old man, with a bald head and a florid complexion. He dresses with perfect taste, and in the latest style. On this occasion he was clad precisely as an English gentleman clothes himself to meet a dinner-party. He wore about as much jewelry, in the pulpit, as a well-bred English gentleman ever wears—namely: a watch, chain, and seal. I looked at my poor, old-fashioned garb, and thought: "If neatness is the product of godliness, my preacher to-day must be a most holy person; and I must be"—well, I grieve to speak it.

Dr. Hannah stands up and reads his lessons, recites his hymns, and offers prayer in a constrained, smothered, and monotonous style, as all Englishmen do whom I have heard. Some preachers can be natural and easy everywhere but in the pulpit. The moment they get into that *box* naturalness seems "clean gone for ever." Like all the English Wesleyan Methodist preachers whom I have observed, Dr. Hannah stands to pray. They kneel at home: the kneeling arrangements in English churches are quite sumptuous. When they come over to this country they decline kneeling in dust; they only recline forward—*bow their hearts.* Whenever I see a minister of the gospel violating the dictates of his conscience, the plain instruc-

tions of God's word, and the rules of his Church, to avoid a little dust, I am reminded of the old negro's expression after attending services in a fashionable church: "Ugh! dem people worships de Lord same like he was a gentleman!"

Then came the sermon—so simple, so critical, so perfect. A good and gracious and glorious gospel sermon was this. It instructed one's head, thawed out his heart, and melted his eyes. No manuscript, thank God—no strutting performer delivering *memoriter*—claimed the attention of the vast, motley, and magnificent assemblage; but a great and good man, from a full intellect and a warm heart, *preached* to us "the glorious gospel of Christ." It has been my good fortune to listen to many good sermons; this was among the very best I have heard. It was an expository sermon. "Firstly," "secondly," "thirdly," etc., were in the preacher's mind, but he did not annoy the disciples of Abel Stevens by announcing them "homiletically." The composition was irradiated with thought, and beautified and strengthened by quotations from the sacred Scriptures. There was not a single quotation, noticed, from any other book. This characteristic of Dr. Hannah's preaching was alluded to by Mr. Collins at the time he offered the resolution to publish, and by the venerable Bishop Waugh before the General Conference. Dr. Hannah is not brilliant, nor eloquent, but perfectly sound.

He is an Englishman by birth, and is sixty-four

years of age. In his thirty-second year—that is to say, thirty-two years ago—he accompanied Mr. Reese to this country. They were the British delegates to the General Conference which sat in Baltimore in May, 1824. Since then he was appointed a professor in the Wesleyan Theological Seminary, at Didsbury. He is now principal professor in that institution. Hundreds of Wesleyan Methodist preachers have received instruction from him. So Dr. Hannah may be put down on the side of theological seminaries. And (supposing an interval of two weeks between the mention of our names) you may put me down for them also. As an author he has written much, and published little. I have a small volume from his pen, in my library, which I have read frequently, and with much profit. It is said that we are to have "Hannah's Theological Institutes," now soon. "John Calvin's Institutes"—the foundation of Calvinistic Churches and Calvinistic theology—were published before he was twenty-five years old. Watson's "Theological Institutes" were written in a hurry; their composition engaged Richard Watson only one year and a few months. If there is truth in Englishmen, the present text-book of universal Methodism was composed in haste. Dr. Hannah does not like it, and does not use it as a text-book in his school. It is hoped *his* "Theological Institutes" has been the work of a lifetime.

He is probably the ablest theologian, as well as one

of the best men, among the living followers of John Wesley. As Carlyle says of Edward Irving, he strives to be a *Christian* priest in the nineteenth century. And although he said nothing privately, socially, or publicly from which one could infer that he had ever heard of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, still I wish him a serene old age, a happy death, a decent burial, immortal fame, and a glorious resurrection.

Here is the substance of Dr. Hannah's great speech, delivered in Roberts Chapel, Indianapolis, at the anniversary of the Parent Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is given as a specimen of his platform speaking.

He said it was worthy of attention that the New Testament Scriptures had been issued in inspired tracts. They were not issued connectedly, but were severally adapted to times and circumstances, and their sublime truths were couched in the simple language of the people. We have thus a high, a divine pattern in the tract operations. It is worthy of remark, too, that with the revival of primitive religion came the revival of this peculiar feature. Look at the Reformation inaugurated by Luther. The tracts which were scattered among the people did more to bring about this great movement, and give it ultimate success, than did the elaborate and ponderous volumes. Wesley understood this matter, and in this respect he was fifty years in advance of his contempora-

ries. He was assiduous in the distribution of tracts. He himself had seen many a sermon issued by Wesley, having printed on its title-page: "This tract is not to be sold, but given away." These shorter pieces had done more than any thing else in these great movements; and in issuing them they had followed the high example of the inspired apostles themselves.

Dr. Hannah went on to say that we had great reason to rejoice that the Tract Society had such sway here. He had listened with profound interest to the address of Dr. Peck. As these exhibitions passed before him, he was enabled to see more and more the great links of union which bind Great Britain and these United States together, and he trusted in God that these links might never be broken. He adverted to the operations of the Tract Societies in Great Britain, and was truly rejoiced to find that so much had been done here. It is hard to comprehend statistics in such cases. The naked figures do not exhibit all the facts in the case. We are told that twelve hundred persons have been converted and brought into the Church during the last three years. But who can follow the influence of these twelve hundred persons upon the world at large? And who can tell how many more have been indirectly brought into the Church through this instrumentality? He devoutly trusted that the Tract Society will yet be more useful, both in this country and Great Britain. He would further call attention: First, to the peculiar character of

these tracts, and their adaptation to the ends they are designed to accomplish. They are biographic, historic, monitory, and didactic. He did not altogether agree with the remark that a great book is a great evil. There are subjects which can only be properly elaborated in large volumes; but for purposes of practical instruction, tracts have greatly the advantage. Their wide range of topics makes them applicable to all conditions of humanity. Second, they associate the circulation of truth printed with the power of truth spoken. Nothing can supply the place of the living teacher; the command was to go and preach the gospel. The great Head of the Church had ordained the living teacher, and he could not be displaced or dispensed with. But these tracts go not out alone; they are circulated by living teachers who thus have the opportunity of enforcing the truths which they contain. The students of the Theological Seminary at Didsbury, England, where he had the honor to be placed, devote one afternoon of each week to tract-distribution in the village and its suburbs. This plan gives them direct access to the people, and thus affords them great opportunities of doing good. He honored the tract-distributor, and hoped the time will speedily come when all the Lord's people will be found heartily engaged in this great and good work.

He fully indorsed the reference of Dr. Peck to the harmony which existed between all the great Christian benevolent societies. Christianity is the greatest

unity. A beautiful illustration was here introduced of the assemblage of the Christian graces. The apostle said that the "fruit"—not the *fruits*, but the *fruit*—"of the Spirit is love," etc. It is meekness working by love, temperance working by love, etc. Love was in all and through all. As God is love, so the one undivided fruit of the Spirit is love. The idea which he wished to enforce is that as Christianity is one, and the fruit of the Spirit is one, so these great auxiliary institutions of the Church are one. Each exerts an influence upon the other, and they mutually assist each other. He then related an anecdote concerning an individual who objected to the British and Foreign Bible Society on the score that it would act injuriously upon a society already established, to which he belonged. When asked how much he contributed to the society for whose safety he was so anxious, it came out that he contributed just nothing at all. He was fearful that many of those who raised the objection that too many institutions would conflict with each other would be found in the same condition. Practical things are best learned by practice, and the more we do the more we can do. He devoutly trusted that all these great institutions may flourish yet more and more, and find themselves working together in harmony, and mutually assisting each other. The day of unity will come; it is nearer than many suppose. It may not be a union of sentiment, but it will be a union of love and of Christian labor.

On Monday afternoon, May 19, we had a scene worth witnessing. Bishop Morris arose and said that, as the representatives of the British Conference were about to leave the seat of the General Conference, to return to their native country, he desired that they might be permitted at this time to take their leave.

Dr. Hannah then rose, and, addressing the President, remarked that he desired he would receive for himself and for his respected colleagues, and all the members of the General Conference, the warmest expression of gratitude for the kindness they had received at their introduction, and the same kindness which had been continued to them during their stay. They trusted that the delegates which should be appointed to attend the session of their Conference by this body will meet with the same large-hearted kindness.

The Doctor remarked that the great object of their visit was to promote a greater union between English and American Methodism. They did not feel willing to enter into any discussion in regard to questions which might agitate them, and which they could not fully understand, unless they were more acquainted with the country, and the nature and genius of its institutions. Their exclusive object was to express their warmest regards, and they most sincerely prayed that Methodism on both sides of the Alantic might be one. He was peculiarly struck with one thing, and that was that in doctrine and spirit and aim Methodism in

America was in accordance with the Church in its primitive days. He prayed that the Lord God of their fathers might be among them, and that they might ever possess the same spirit and apostolical zeal that characterized those whose footsteps they were following. He admired the manner in which Methodism adapted itself to the circumstances by which it was surrounded. He thought of the sentiment advanced by Bengel, and adopted by Mr. Wesley, that religion was like the air, which yields to all bodies, and yet penetrates and pervades all bodies. So with Methodism: it was yielding and accommodating, yet penetrating and all-pervading. The Doctor remarked that there were some plans of operation adopted by the Church here which, of course, differed from their plans; but though the plans differed, the great ends were kept in view. He was gratified with the tone and sentiment of the Conference and the general spirit which prevailed among the members, and he hoped that it would remain throughout the entire sittings of the body. He was not ignorant of the fact that questions of deep and stirring interest would come before them, and claim their investigation; but he trusted they would be able, by the help of God, to meet those questions, and dispose of them to the benefit and spiritual prosperity of the Church. He would also express his gratitude for the kind and hospitable manner in which the Irish delegates were received. He loved those brethren much. He was strongly at-

tached to Mr. Scott, and his old pupil, Mr. Arthur, who had been with us, and to Mr. Cather. He also felt grateful for the interest the American Church had taken in their mission at Fiji, and spoke most feelingly of the missionary who had labored with such zeal and devotion as to become an old man at thirty-five. He alluded to the difficulties there, and to the timely interference in its behalf. He prayed that the Lord God, who had raised up the Methodists as a people to show forth his praise in the earth, might keep them by his power; that he who had kept the old ship with its rigging, and enabled it to breast the storms through which it had passed, would bring it to the haven; that the God of heaven would be with us, and pour out his Spirit; and that from Passamaquoddy to the Pacific the light and truth of salvation might spread. He then addressed Bishop Morris, and said: "I now take my leave of yourself and your respected colleagues, and the members of the Conference; and may the God of all grace guide you in your deliberations, and preserve you to his heavenly kingdom!"

This is the substance *only*. The manner! *O the manner!* how unctuous! how patriarchal! Bishop Waugh responded at some length and with much feeling. When he closed his remarks every member and every spectator in that vast hall rose from his seat to spend one minute in silent prayer for the safe return of the foreign brethren to their families and

charges. A deep religious feeling pervaded the entire assembly. Dr. Hannah was overcome with emotion, as he bowed his venerable head, and with a voice sweet and tremulous said: "Brethren, farewell! I shall never forget your kindness nor the scenes of this hour." Taking their leave of the Bishops, the British representatives passed through the crowded hall and rotunda; and, amid tears and half-suppressed sighs and farewell blessings, they retired to their lodgings at the house of the Governor.

Indianapolis, 1856.

X. BISHOP SOULE.

SILENT AND GRAND.

DURING the progress of the late war certain propagandists from the North found a short-lived employment in the neighborhood of Nashville. Occasionally they rode out to Bishop Soule's, and *forced* themselves into his venerable presence. And as a Yankee writes about every thing he sees and hears, so did these *missionaries*. They said the old gentleman was quite "loyal," and they praised him for it most heartily; but always expressed great astonishment that the Southern Church should allow him to live in such humble style. I have reason to believe that their visits were never *more* than agreeable, and I know their descriptions were uniformly inaccurate.

The McKendree Church owns an excellent dwelling-house in the city of Nashville, bought expressly for the residence of a Bishop; but Bishop Soule does not choose to live there. He lives on the Gallatin rock-road, eight miles from the city, in the center of a wealthy and highly-cultivated neighborhood. The "City Road Chapel" stands within a quarter of a mile. I understand his farm contains about forty-five acres; and to build his neat white cottage and other houses *now* would cost about four thousand dollars.

The grounds and buildings are his. I dare say they are paid for. The Southern Church had nothing to do in their selection.

The Bishop lives in the midst of his children and grandchildren, in family love and order. The grand old man is not thinking about the North, or any of their "notions;" and if it is possible for their stray preachers to let *Christian* people alone, I hope they will write nothing more about him or his farm; but if it is not, let them hereafter *make an effort*, and speak the truth. He has an ample support allowed by the Church, and not one "superannuated" preacher in a hundred is so well provided with earthly comforts.

The Rev. Fountain E. Pitts was Bishop Soule's traveling companion to and from California. He and I went out to see the old gentleman last Saturday morning. We found him very comfortable—sitting in the midst of his books and newspapers. He wore black slippers, white socks, black pantaloons, light sack coat, polished linen, with a large, old-fashioned collar—such as Henry Clay used to wear. I never saw him before without a white cravat. Wonder if he has surrendered that article to the simple-minded, pure-hearted clergy across the Ohio River?

The Bishop wears short hair, and his face is shaven all over. He is about six feet in height, and has usually weighed about two hundred pounds. His is a gigantic frame, without any surplus flesh. We asked him several questions, which drew from him the fol-

lowing items of information concerning himself and the Church:

"They say in the papers that I was born in the State of Maine. I was presiding elder before Maine was erected into a State. I was born in the State of Massachusetts—Province or District of Maine, as it was then called.

"On the 5th day of January, 1799, I left my father's house to travel the Portland Circuit, in the New England Conference. I am the only man now alive who entered the Christian ministry when I did.

"In a few years I was made a presiding elder. My first district embraced all the territory now included in the State of Maine. We used to have conversions during the sermon. While men preached the Holy Ghost fell on people, sir.

"In 1816 I went to the Book Concern, in New York. It was then on Crosby street. I was never Agent of the '200 Mulberry Street' establishment.

"I was elected to the Episcopal office at the General Conference of 1820, but declined ordination, and even resigned my election. That Conference passed some measures that were wrong—evil in their tendency. They took the appointment of the presiding elders out of the hands of the Bishops, and ordered them to be made by the members of the Annual Conference. My friend, Bishop Waugh, now in heaven, as I believe, was warmly in favor of this measure. But he told me, four years thereafter, that my refusal of

the Episcopal office was the cause of its repeal. This being done by the General Conference of 1824, I was re-elected, and received ordination. John Summerfield attended these Conferences. He was a devoted man of God, but not a member of the General Conference.

"There is a book in my library—it is not mine, I *know* it is not mine; it is McFerrin's book. It has been well read, and marked all over the margin. It is my old friend Charlie Elliott's 'History of the Great Secession,' and every intelligent man in America knows it was no secession, but a regular division of the Church. That book gives me quite a character. One would suppose, from reading it, that I had a great deal to do with the separation of the Church in 1844. I hope none of my friends will ever answer that book.

"I have packed up a part of my library—the most of it—to send in to the Publishing House for sale. I am getting so old and blind that I can not see to read them; hope my friends will buy them, and read them. There are some excellent books among them—'Watson's Commentary,' 'McKnight on the Epistles,' and the like. Only a few of them were issued by our establishment.

"I have been a working man—I have done a great deal of hard work; but the hardest work I have ever done is to sit here and do nothing.

"I don't like for a man to write a biography of himself. I am sure I shall never write a biography of myself."

I mentioned to him that his last public speech was delivered in Tulip Street Church, in Edgefield, before the Tennessee Conference, and that every word of it was spread upon the journal. "So, so," he replied; "I reckon it will be my last."

Brother Pitts and I rose up to leave—told him we were on our way to Goodlettsville to hold a protracted meeting. Instantly the punctual old Methodist Bishop told us we would about have time to get there. So we received his blessing, and left this venerable Father to enjoy the happiness of a cheerful old age and the quietude of his delightful country home.

On Saturday morning, October 7, 1865, Bishop Soule made the speech referred to above, in the following words: "Glad to see you, brethren—came here in great weakness—can do nothing—do not want to interrupt business. But I am thankful for this expression of the Tennessee Conference. There is no man living now who was a preacher when I joined the Connection. On January 5, 1799, I left my father's to enter this work, and I have been in it ever since. I stand alone, a monument of God's preserving care. I have preached the gospel, not in the United States alone, but in foreign countries. I have buried men in the ocean and on the land; have seen disasters on the sea and on the shore; but Providence has brought me safe thus far. Let me express my gratitude to God, for I can say no more."

Nashville, 1866.

XI. REV. FREDERICK J. JOBSON, D.D.

BRITISH DELEGATE.

SEVERAL months ago a sketch of Rev. Dr. Hannah appeared in the columns of the *Home Circle*. The name of the Rev. F. J. Jobson, M.A., the companion of his voyage, was not mentioned, I believe, in that sketch. True Dr. Hannah was the fraternal delegate from the Wesleyan Conference in England to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but Mr. Jobson was *delegated* to come over with the venerable gentleman, and perhaps his name ought not to be omitted altogether, especially as he created a greater sensation everywhere than Dr. Hannah.

Furthermore, I have heard and read and seen so much of Mr. Jobson's late book, "A Mother's Portrait," that I think his name ought to be brought prominently before the reading public. This book was first published in England about two years ago, and has had an immense circulation in Methodist circles. Within the last six months it has been republished in this country. "A Mother's Portrait" is the testimonial which Mr. Jobson has paid to his excellent mother—a literary monument erected upon the basis of her domestic and Christian character. It is such a work as

the "Life of Mrs. Fletcher," "Hester Ann Rogers," or "Martha Laurens Ramsay." Perhaps some would prefer it to any one, or even all, of these. Every mother in the land ought to procure and read the book this year.

Did you ever see in any old Methodist magazine or book a picture of Bishop Coke? Then you have quite a correct idea of the shape and personal appearance of Mr. Jobson. Short head, short neck, short body, short legs, short feet, short arms and hands—altogether the *shortest* man you ever saw, not to be a dwarf. He sat with Dr. Hannah on the platform at the right of the bench of Bishops, while the delegates from Ireland and Canada sat on the left. I entered the Conference-room with my friend Johnson. Said he: "Do you see that perfect specimen of John Bull on the platform? He is one of the British delegation." Directly I fell in with my old friend Irwin. Said he instantly: "That little man on the platform, who looks like he had been fed on roast beef and plum-pudding all his life, is Mr. Jobson." Poor Dr. Watson, the editor of the *Chicago Christian Advocate*, who did not recollect ever to have spent a day without pain, stood and looked steadfastly on him. "Well," said he, "I wonder how a man feels who enjoys such health?"

A paragraph on dress, indulgent reader, before leaving the personal appearance of our subject. Mr. Addison has a fine remark on a female warrior celebrated by Virgil. He observes that with all her great

qualities this *little foible* mingled itself; because, as the fact relates, an intemperate fondness for a rich and splendid suit of armor betrayed her into ruin. In this circumstance our critic discovers a *moral* concealed; this he admires as a neat though *oblique satire* on that trifling passion. (See *Spectator*, Vol. I., No. 15.) Upon this, quiet James Hervey writes: "I would refer it to the judicial reader, whether there is not a beauty of the *same* kind, but touched with a *more* masterly hand, in the song of Deborah. Speaking of Sisera's mother, the sacred eucharistic ode represents her as anticipating in her fond fancy the victory of her son, and indulging in the following soliloquy: 'Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey? To Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?' She takes no notice of the signal service which her hero would do his country by quelling so dangerous an insurrection. She never reflects on the *present* acclamations, the *future* advancements, and the *eternal* renown which are the tributes usually paid to a conqueror's merit. She can conceive, it seems, nothing greater than to be clad in an embroidered vesture, and to trail along the ground a robe of the richest dyes. That is, in her imagination, the most lordly spoil he can win, the most stately trophy he can erect. It is also observable how she *dwells* upon the trivial circumstance, reiterating it again and again; it has so charmed her

ignoble heart, so entirely engrossed her little views, that she can *think* of nothing else, *speak* of nothing else, and can hardly *desist* from the darling topic. Is not this a keen though delicately-couched censure on that poor, contemptible, groveling taste which is enamored with silken finery, and makes the *attributes* of a butterfly the *idol* of its affections?"

I make these quotations, and shall allow you to make the application. An English Wesleyan preacher, shining in cloths and silks, and absolutely glittering with jewelry, ought to receive at least this passing notice.

I heard Mr. Jobson in the pulpit once. I need not say there was a great crowd to hear him. Indianapolis was full of people. He preached in one of the central churches, and it was his sermon before the General Conference. True he had addressed the Conference briefly on his arrival, and had preached in some of the churches during the Sabbath; but this was *his sermon* before the representatives of the American clergy. In addition to all this, somebody in the old country had written *a private letter* to somebody in this country, telling him to hear Mr. Jobson, for his oratory reminded the people in England of Dr. Chalmers more than of any other living man. This letter was published, and those of us who had read it went to hear Dr. Chalmers as well as Mr. Jobson; and I do not know that any of us went away disappointed. He waited quietly until the people were

packed and seated; then, as soon as the Bishop told him to proceed, he was *off*. He read eloquently, prayed rapturously, and preached like a man who had been created and sent into this world for no other purpose; has plenty of action, tremendous volume of voice, and almost unbounded command of language; and with all these attributes of the finished orator, he moves on like a torrent, bearing down every thing before him. The late Dr. Watson, after hearing him, sat down and wrote to his paper: "Mr. Jobson does not have to get up steam; all *he* has to do is to let it off."

It was the most scriptural sermon I have heard. If you are fond of "homiletics," I here present you a "sketch" of it: Ephesians iii. 14-21, inclusive.

Introduction: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

1. An enumeration of the blessings mentioned. "That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with the fullness of God."

2. God's ability to bestow them all. "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that

we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

3. Our gratitude to God forever. "Unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

On Monday afternoon, May 19, 1856, Mr. Jobson took leave of the General Conference. His speech on this occasion, a meager report of which is given below, left an exceedingly pleasant impression. He said, when he had the honor of being first introduced to the Conference, he did not know what to say; and now, after he had gone in and out among them for seventeen or eighteen days, he was still at a loss. He must use strong language as expressive of his feelings, and say: "Fathers and brethren, I love you." He could give strong reasons for his attachment. He loved them as fellow-laborers in the gospel field. He loved them in their free, out-spoken manner. He loved freedom of thought and freedom of speech, as

> Thoughts shut up would spoil,
> Like bales unopened to the sun.

Free, open, undaunted discussion was always dear to him. He loved them for the devout spirit they manifested in their deliberations, as well as in their labors for the salvation of souls. He might say, with his friend, he loved them for the kind and generous manner in which they had received and treated him. He loved the Bishops for their gravity and wisdom, and for the zeal they manifested in the cause of God He

loved the old men, the fathers, and the young men, and he wanted to say to those venerable men that we will not leave Methodism worse than we found it. These young men are strong, zealous, self-sacrificing, and he was happy to say they had the same kind in his country. The speaker here alluded most feelingly to Mr. Hunt, the Fijian missionary, to his early life and training, and related some amusing anecdotes and thrilling passages in the life of that devoted man, that produced a powerful impression upon the Conference. He thanked God that the great brotherhood of Methodism was one, and he would join his friends in praying that the General Conference would send to their Conference delegates frequently, that England and America might be united Methodistically. They were one in language and one in religion, and he prayed they might remain one forever. He was now four thousand miles away from home, and yet he saw before him Englishmen and Englishwomen, that made all things look familiar as home.

This speech left the Conference and the vast assemblage bathed in tears and radiant with smiles. There is this power about the oratory of Mr. Jobson—he can superinduce feelings of sadness or produce thrills of joy, at his own pleasure.

Mr. Jobson landed safely at home, and spoke before his Conference of the American country and people in the most glowing terms. He is about forty.

St. Louis, 1857.

XII. BISHOP EARLY.

PLEASANT AND CHATTY.

ONE bright morning in July, 1852, I landed in Richmond, Va. After breakfasting at an Old Virginia hotel—have forgotten the name—no matter —I stepped into our Depository, to see our distinguished Depositary. Several clerical-looking persons were in the back counting-room: One a plain, proper, pious man, presiding elder of the Richmond District; one a slow, careless, awkward, and sensible man, the popular author of "Confessions of a Converted Infidel;" another a neat, grave, "wise and prudent" D.D., the editor of a ponderous *Quarterly Review;* another a tall, slender, long-haired, intellectual gentleman, now the author of several works, and one of the popular preachers of the Old Dominion. Above, and at a distance, sat a man of immense mental resources, the editor of a Church paper, but suspected by the others of being slightly heterodox on the subject of "lay representation." Lastly, an elderly gentleman, tall and gray-haired, with a large mouth, prominent nose, piercing eyes, and heavy eyebrows—an old Virginian, "out and out," with a chieftain's born-to-command air about him—stood at a desk, pen in hand, listening approvingly to Rosser on

the lay representation question. This was Rev. John Early, D.D., since Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Next morning, when I got to the depot to take the train for Washington City, the first man I saw was Dr. Early with his right foot placed upon his trunk and both hands in his pockets—as much as to say: "Gentlemen, you need not make any mistakes; this is my baggage; *I am here in time.*" We sat together that day, and I need not inform our personal acquaintances that a profound silence was *not* kept.

Bishop Early was present at the great meeting in Nashville, Tenn., when the Bishops, editors, agents, secretaries, treasurers, and others, met in April, 1855, to inaugurate our affairs. All necessary preparations for their reception, and speeches and sermons and deliberations, had been made by the citizens, the Publishing House, and the Church. Notices had been given; a programme had been printed. A few days before their arrival I heard these assertions frequently: "Bishop Early will get here first, *sure.*" "Bishop Early will be here in time, *if he is alive and able.*" The Committee on Religious Exercises gave him the great appointment of the occasion—Sabbath forenoon in McKendree Church. They knew that he would be there to fill it. And he was. The service and sermon of that morning were blessed to a very large audience. Here, now, is the key that unlocks the secret of much of his success in financial matters and as a minister of the gospel: Punctuality and Reliability.

You may always look for him at or before the time. You may rely upon the fulfillment of what he promises, to the last degree. I have traveled with him. He is in the hotel, and has his name registered, *first*. He is up in the morning, has his bill paid, and ready to start, first. He gets into the most comfortable car and selects his seat, first. He goes on board a steamboat, if possible, a day beforehand, selects a stateroom, and then attends to his affairs. When he gets through his business in one place, and has any time to rest, he goes immediately on to his next place of business, and spends his leisure time there. Last fall the Bishop telegraphed from Louisville, to a friend of his in St. Louis, that he would breakfast with him on a certain morning. His friend supposed that, as he was getting old, he would take a comfortable boat, and might get to the city, or might not, by the time appointed, and thought not much more about it. While the family were at breakfast, on the appointed morning, in stepped the Bishop. "Good-morning, Bishop! We were not looking for you much this morning." "Did I not tell you that I would be here to breakfast this morning?" was the instant reply.

I had supposed, from what had been told me, that Bishop Soule finds more old acquaintances than any Methodist preacher that travels through this land. But since my visits to the Missouri and St. Louis Conferences last fall, in company with Bishop Early, I am inclined to believe the venerable senior will have

to admit a competitor in this line. We go on board the "Admiral," bound for the Missouri River. Several gentlemen shake his hand—know him well. He recollects their names. We pass a wood-yard. "Is not that Mr. Early on board?" "Yes, sir." "I have heard you preach often in Raleigh," shouts a North Carolinian from the bank. We stop at a warehouse. "Doctor Early, of Virginia, I believe?" exclaims an old countryman. "Yes, sir." "Have heard you many a time in Petersburg." We are standing on the guards while our boat is moving up to a village. "That's Bishop Early! That's Bishop Early standing on the guard, isn't it?" issues from a crowd of spectators on the wharf. "Yes, sir." "We knew you well when we were students at Randolph-Macon." Now we "round to" at Glasgow. Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. P., walk up and shake his hand and insist on his going ashore and spending the night. Directly his old friend, S., he is informed, is looking for him. We land at a tobacco establishment. "Dat you, Massa John?" says an old Virginian "of color," while any number of white eyes and ivory may be seen around him on the bank. "Yes, uncle; how do you come on?" "Ha! ha! Hearn you many a time wif dese two years in dat ole Mefodis' Church in Lynchburg." At midnight we land at Lexington, and walk into a hotel. I register the names. The bar-keeper looks at them, and begins: "Mr. Early, of Lynchburg. We have been looking for you several days. The

landlord of this hotel and his wife are second cousins of yours." He then goes on to tell him of a score of white folks, and a dozen negroes—all old acquaintances—who are preparing to come in on Sunday and hear him preach once more; says they have been coming to the hotel for a week and inquiring for him; suggests that there will be a "great time" among them on Sunday. Word being conveyed to the landlord of the arrival, he gets up, comes in, and claims kin. The night passed, we sleeping in the parlor; and upon going in to breakfast, the landlady met the Bishop at the dining-room door, shook hands, and claimed kin. Breakfast over, we found, upon returning from a morning walk through town, the parlor filled with company, whose carriages and mule-teams were in waiting at the door. While coming in a private carriage from Springfield to Jefferson City, we entered a small village after night. It was desirable to get to a private house (for the morrow was Sunday), but were told that we must go to the hotel. This was to be regretted, but the landlord came out, exclaiming: "How do you do, Bishop? I used to know you well in Virginia. Walk in. Make yourself at home."

These are a few, and only a few, of the evidences presented to my mind during two weeks last fall, that more persons have seen and heard Bishop Early than any preacher in our Connection—excepting, perhaps, Bishop Soule.

Bishop Early is a man of remarkable presence.

There are no highways in any country, no streets in any city in the world, where men would not stop, now and then, and inquire who he was. What has been said of Prof. John Wilson crossing the streets of any metropolis might be said truthfully of Bishop John Early. He is about six feet high; will weigh about one hundred and eighty pounds; dresses in the style of an Old Virginia gentleman; has a full suit of white hair, with dark eyebrows; is all of seventy years old, and as perfectly capable of taking care of himself and family as any man in the nation.

Judging from the "creature comforts" that surround him in Lynchburg, the style in which he has brought up and in which he has educated his sons and daughters, the position of commanding influence he has held in the financial affairs of Virginia and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the responsible offices whose duties he has been solicited to assume in Washington City, I suppose his talent for managing money is considered superior.

He is a native of Virginia, born about the year 1785, of Baptist parents. At an early age, perhaps in 1807, he joined the Virginia Conference and became an itinerant. From all I can learn, he has filled the office of Secretary to an Annual Conference oftener, has traveled and preached in the capacity of presiding elder of a district a greater number of years, and has sat in General Conference as a delegate more frequently than any man now living. At the General

Conference which met in Petersburg, Va., in 1846, he was elected General Book Agent; and at the General Conference in St. Louis, in 1850, he was re-elected. Several General Conferences have given him a respectable vote for the episcopal office, but he was not elected until May, 1854. This was done by the General Conference which assembled in Columbus, Ga.

Bishop Early is a traveler. He has the experience and health and determination to go right on. He can find out more about the routes and lose fewer connections than any man you will meet in a summer's day. The writer of this sketch lacks several years of being half as old as the subject of it; but he would dislike very much to be compelled "to make time" with Bishop Early for more than a month. Shortly after that, he fears, the papers would have to chronicle, "Another man fallen," not in "the field," but in "the *road*."

Bishop Early is a revivalist. Bear witness the fruits of his morning prayer-meetings in the Conference-room, and the glorious results of his pulpit labors wherever they are bestowed. The daily morning prayer-meetings at our annual sessions, and the manner of conducting them, originated with him, and I am glad to learn they are becoming somewhat general. As they are good in themselves, as their results are very good, and as they originated with a good man, may they continue as long as there is a sinner unconvicted, a penitent unconverted, or a preacher

unsanctified! And if any of our superintendents in the great future (we have none such now) should not know how to conduct a prayer-meeting, "and call mourners," as Gough said to the Oxford students, "they may consider themselves dismissed."

Bishop Early is a preacher. He has prepared his sermons with considerable care, and preserved the sketches in elegantly-bound manuscript volumes. He generally has a volume of these notes with him in the pulpit. Sometimes he lays it before him on the Bible; sometimes leaves it on the pulpit sofa, and sometimes he does not even take it out of his pocket. I have listened to him in Nashville, in St. Louis, in Lexington, and in the country, and I never heard him preach but once when a decided impression was not made and an instantaneous effect produced. There is considerable uniformity in his sermons. The first half contains much instruction in theological science or Christian duty; the conclusion is nearly always to the heart. His discourses are short, and do not ignore the anecdote.

Preaching to the negroes in Lexington, Mo., one very warm afternoon, with the house crammed to the last stool, and about six children fretting and crying at once, to the great disturbance of the orthodox and devotional, said he: "Never mind, friends. Let the children cry. It will strengthen their lungs. I say this is what will strengthen their lungs. Then their mothers can not leave them at home—nobody to

leave them with. And you would not have a mother lose a sermon just to accommodate you. If those mothers were to take those children out now, they would lose the sermon—lose the sermon, I say, to please you." The Bishop talked on for about five minutes. By this time the little weepers increased in number rapidly, and their lungs began to give evidence of great strength. He paused a moment; then remarked very gravely: "There *might* be occasions when a noisy child should be taken out—such occasions as the present, for example, funeral occasions, sacramental occasions." He was preaching a funeral sermon, which was to be followed by the sacrament. The mothers and children adjourned, without motion, and quiet was restored.

Bishop Early is a chairman. "What a splendid judge was spoiled when he took the pulpit!" was more than once on the lips of the lawyers of Springfield, Mo., last fall. He knows what is in the Discipline, having helped to put it there. He knows what the General Conferences have said and decided, without reference to "Proceedings;" was present and helped them to say and decide and make up their "Proceedings." The rules which ordinarily govern deliberative bodies are as familiar to him as forty years' practice can make them. Then he has the nerve, the eye, the cheek, and the voice, "to put business through."

Finally, he has given me a very large district to travel, for which I do not thank him much, now that

I am nearly frost-bitten, and have to start in a few hours on the Pacific Railroad to my "Manchester Quarterly Meeting;" and, reader, if this sketch is not long enough, it is because the subject of it has given me work which requires me to leave it here.

St. Louis, 1855.

XIII. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THE IRISH EXILE.

IN the city of St. Louis, on the south-west corner of Fifth and Locust Streets, stands the Mercantile Library. It is built of brick, in the best style of architecture. It is three stories high. The first story is divided into several rooms, which are occupied by merchants and by the Young Men's Christian Association. The second story contains the large library and a small lecture-room, elegantly fitted up. The grand hall occupies the third story. It is the largest, the most beautifully-painted, the best lighted, the best-heated, the most comfortably-seated, the best-carpeted and ventilated hall I have seen. This hall was used in the fall and winter of 1853 in rather an unfinished state. Orville Dewey, N. L. Rice, O. A. Brownson, Lucy Stone, Dr. Post, and Bayard Taylor lectured here. But it is now finished and furnished—the grand center of attraction for the intellectual of "the Mound City." It will contain an audience, or somnience, as the case may be, of about two thousand persons.

On the same evening that Rev. William Holmes pronounced the dedicatory, or rather congratulatory, oration before the Mercantile Library Association

Thomas Francis Meagher was announced for the first course of lectures.

It is customary for talkers, orators, and writers to call the age in which we live by many different names. The reason of this is that men watch the movements of the age from different points of view and "Mounts of Observation." I will call it the age of public lecturing. Who denies it? In what civilized and enlightened nation do they not lecture? What large city has not its lecture-rooms and lecturers? What respectable institution of learning does not have its course of lectures? What Christian Association does not provide for useful lectures? Men lecture on almost every thing. They lecture on language, on science, on art; they lecture on mathematics, metaphysics, and music; they lecture on philosophy; poetry, and fashion; they lecture on history, on oratory, and on wit. Theologians lecture; moralists lecture; physicians lecture; quacks lecture; lawyers lecture; politicians lecture; editors lecture; authors lecture. The gentler sex do also lecture—the Lucy Stones, on Woman's Rights; the Charlotte Elizabeths, on Woman's Wrongs; the Mrs. Britts, on Spiritual Philosophy; and the "Mrs. Caudles," from behind the "Curtains." I have many things to say in favor of popular lecturing, and some things to say against it; but will not say them here or now, inasmuch as a writer whom everybody reads has exhausted the subject in a paper on his "admirable friend, Professor Nichol." Thomas

Francis Meagher came to St. Louis, delivered a course of lectures, and "went his way."

Who's Meagher? "Everybody knows, or might know, or should know Curran." So thinks Meagher. Everybody knows, or might know, or ought to know Meagher. So write I. In the exordium of his introductory lecture Mr. Meagher stated that he wished to derive no interest whatever from his *antecedents*—from his being a foreigner, a stranger, and an exile; he wished to be received and heard simply as a public lecturer. It may not, therefore, be proper in me to notice him in any attitude other than that of a popular lecturer.

If any single word can convey to the mind of the reader a correct idea of the lecturing of Thomas Francis Meagher, it is the word *gusto*. He walks out on the platform quickly, and presents himself before his audience bravely. If the table is not in its proper place, no servant or friend is asked to remove it; he picks it up and sets it down where he wants it. If a pitcher of water is near, he drinks heartily, and then places it where it suits him. If grave editors or rickety reporters are in attendance, armed with pencils, blank-books, and small tables, it is all the same to him. If the sprigs of criticism are present, who deem that "as for that 'ere Shakespeare, he has been vastly overrated," he does not recognize them at all. He who in 1848, when he was tried for treason, and condemned, could deliver a masterly, an eloquent,

and an overwhelming address to the court, does not fear the face of man. The moment he fixes his left hand upon the table, and his eyes upon the assembly (not on a manuscript), and pronounces his first three words, "Ladies and Gentlemen," you feel like saying: "Keep cool, perfectly cool! The exiled patriot asks for no sympathy!" I question if Caractacus before the Roman Emperor presented a much nobler appearance than Thomas Francis Meagher before an American auditory. Indeed, the picture of the brave old Briton, found in one of Russell's Histories, will give one a fine idea of Meagher when he straightens himself and looks out on a sea of anxious faces.

For a knowledge of the personal appearance of Mr. Meagher I refer the reader to the numerous pictures of him which may be seen in the numerous show-windows of our city book-stores. Suffice it to say that he has neither horns nor cloven feet; but is an Irishman—an accomplished, earnest, patriotic, great-souled Irishman. He is an educated gentleman, the son of an educated gentleman, the grandson of an educated gentleman; both his father and grandfather having "sat in Parliament."

"Action! action! action!" I have heard of the ease, the grace, the appropriateness, and the wonders thereof. I have heard of the action of Garrick, of Macready, of Maffit, of Parsons, but of none so perfect as Meagher's, saving and excepting that of the

great enemy of Philip. He gestures with his head, with his forehead, with his eyes, with his nose, with his mouth, with his neck, with his shoulders, with his arms, hands, and fingers, with his legs and feet; in fact, when speaking of Sheridan, he gestured with his *hips*. I would give *more* this moment than the price of a ticket to see him stand on the extreme edge of the platform, with his body as quietly equipoised as his mind, and "his keen, demonstrative finger," as well as his piercing eye, "fixed on vacancy," and hear him repeat his brilliant description of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. I would walk this night to the most distant lecture-room in this city to hear him tell with inimitable *sang-froid* an Irish joke at the expense of Harry Grattan. When he yawns out, with suitable position of body, a lazy paragraph abusive of "old gouty Dr. Johnson," farewell vest-buttons. When from the highest heavens of oratory he pours out a flood of invective upon "religious despotism," you feel your blood warming from the scalp to the ankle. In a word, he is the very essence of an Irish orator.

An Irish friend near by tells me that to Irish ears the pronunciation of Mr. Meagher has something of Dublin affectation in it. Of this "affectation" I know nothing. He seems to be a master of style. He narrates well, he argues well, he describes well, he declaims well, he moralizes well, and he applies well. He is good in the anecdotal, the poetical, the humorous. I know of no style suitable to the popu-

lar lecturer that he does not command. The newspaper critics say that occasionally he is too studious, too highly finished for a popular lecturer. There is a grain or two of truth in this statement. An audience listening to a splendid production does not want to think of the dire labor and weary woe that produced it. It is rather too evident that Mr. Meagher writes out *in extenso* his lectures; then commits them to memory, and perhaps practices them before the glass.

Mr. Meagher is a many-sided man. He is not only an educated man, but a man of vast reading and information. He is not only a lawyer by profession, but is skilled in the political tactics of Ireland, England, and continental Europe. Moreover, he is a traveled gentleman. At least he has taken two considerable trips—one from Ireland to Botany Bay, the other from Botany Bay to the United States. "Last, but not least," he has been guilty of occupying the editorial chair.

Thomas Francis Meagher delivered four lectures, before the Mercantile Library Association of St. Louis, to large and intelligent audiences. Protestant preachers and Catholic priests, editors of newspapers and authors of books, medical lecturers and hard-wrought doctors, jurists profound and pleaders eloquent, lynx-eyed politicians and lazy school-masters, writers of prose and writers of poetry, simpering belles and brainless fops, solid men and fair women of every description were present—pleased and de-

lighted. Mr. Meagher's first was an introductory lecture, in the delivery of which it was difficult to tell whether he admired and loved the more the home of his youth or the land of his adoption—Ireland or America. His second was a highly-interesting and amusing lecture on the Irish orator, Curran, in which he repeated many of that great man's witticisms. He did not inform us, however, whether they were impromptu, or whether Curran wrote them out on slips of paper, laid them away carefully in his drawer, and repeated them now and then, at different places, and in different companies through life. His third lecture was on Daniel O'Connell, and was pronounced, by a *Catholic* editor of course, "*the* lecture of the course." I did not hear this lecture. I presume that Meagher, the "physical-force-reform man," said nothing extremely good of O'Connell, the "moral-force-reform man." His fourth and last lecture was devoted to the Irish orator, Harry Grattan. During the last fifteen minutes of this lecture, Mr. Meagher outshone himself in his most eloquent denunciation of religious bigotry and intolerance—"the cause of infidelity and the curse of Ireland."

Mr. Meagher is about thirty years of age. He and Smith O'Brien and John Mitchell agitated Ireland for several years. O'Brien was the most influential, Mitchell the most blood-thirsty, and Meagher the most eloquent. In 1848 they were arrested, tried, and condemned. After sentence was pronounced,

Meagher addressed the judge in a characteristic speech. It is said that he concluded in such language as this: "I am now going to a tribunal where many of the sentences of that bench shall be forever reversed.' I do not know what effect this speech may have had. Through the extreme clemency of her Majesty, they were transported to Australia. William Smith O'Brien has since been pardoned; John Mitchell is in this country editing a newspaper; Thomas Francis Meagher is on his way to San Francisco to settle there. The Lion of England still has his paw upon priest-ridden and down-trodden Ireland.

St. Louis, 1854.

XIV. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE AMERICAN CICERO.

SOME of the ladies of the Mound City have formed an association, called the "Mount Vernon Association." Their object is to raise funds, and assist in purchasing the home and grave of Washington. On Monday evening, April 13, I attended their first public meeting, at which the officers of the Association were elected, and to which Major Wright delivered a very handsome address. Two United States Senators —Polk, of Missouri, and Crittenden, of Kentucky— had been announced; but the emergencies of business had carried one out of the city, and indisposition detained the other at home. At the conclusion of his speech Major Wright announced that the ladies of the Association had secured the services of the Hon. Edward Everett for the next Monday evening, at which time he would appear and deliver his "Oration on the Life and Character of Washington."

Long before the hour arrived for Mr. Everett's oration tickets had been sold at fifty cents a piece to as many persons as could be crammed into the large hall of the Mercantile Library building. I went an hour before the time, and was met by a friend on the ground floor, who told me the hall was filled. As I ascended

stair-way after stair-way I met crowds coming down, going home. To Dr. Spaulding, one of the "masters of ceremonies" for the evening, I am indebted for a seat in hearing of the speaker.

At the appointed time the orator appeared upon the platform, and *delivered* his oration without reading-desk or notes, and with that grace and fervor for which he is so celebrated. It is understood that Mr. Everett is the most accomplished speaker, according to the rules laid down in books, this country has ever produced. With this understanding I went to hear him, and was very agreeably disappointed; for he does occasionally lose sight of the proprieties of elocution, and follow the impulses of his noble nature. His lower limbs move with much ease, and he occupies a considerable area of the platform. He gestures more at the beginning of his speech than at the conclusion, and altogether too much with his left hand. He speaks loudly—right on—rapidly from the start. I record these things with much gratification; because I am always best pleased with a good and great speaker who violates *about half* the rules of rhetoric and elocution.

As old Dr. Baird says, "Now, as to this man's personal appearance, let me inform you it is very fine." And his voice, in cultivation and compass, excels any in our land. Mr. Everett's reasoning powers are not remarkable, though his understanding of logic and its kindred sciences is said to be almost perfect. His

narrative and descriptive passages, his groupings and illustrations are worthy of admiration and study. He draws a striking contrast, and quotes with familiarity from every department of human learning. It would be impolite not to laugh at his wit, it is so refined. Mr. Everett dwells upon the life and character of Washington with the heart of a *lover*, and this oration has brought tears to the eyes of many delighted thousands. Though by no means his masterpiece, it has inseparably connected his name with the enterprise whose design is to purchase the tomb and farm of George Washington. It has been delivered about thirty times, and has put perhaps twenty thousand dollars into the treasuries of the various "Mount Vernon Associations" of the country.

Washington University was "inaugurated" during Mr. Everett's stay in St. Louis. On Wednesday, April 22, the audience assembled in the "Academic Hall" of the University Building, and were *read to* by President Elliott, one of the professors, and ex-Mayor How; and were *spoken to* by Judge Treat, Dr. Post, and Judge Bates. In the afternoon the Mercantile Library Hall was full to overflowing to witness the concluding exercises and hear the concluding address from Mr. Everett. This address occupied two hours in the delivery, and I dismiss it by saying that it is independent of criticism and beyond the reach of praise. An Episcopal dignitary thought the Washington oration was child's prattle when compared to

it; and my friend, Dr. Pope, said he could conceive of nothing beyond it. What a pity that the mind of Edward Everett was ever diverted, even for a single week, from the channel of religion and literature!

By request, Mr. Everett remained in the city until Saturday evening, and repeated his "Oration on the Life and Character of Washington." The Church of the Messiah, said to be the largest in the place, was crowded with people—admission fifty cents.

I write purely from memory. Edward Everett is descended from one of the oldest families in America. The name of his first American ancestor, Richard Everett, appears in the archives of the village of Dedham as early as 1630. His grandfather, Ebenezer Everett, was a good New England farmer. His father, Oliver Everett, was first a carpenter, afterward graduated at Harvard, and became pastor of the new South Church, Boston; after this retired to the village of Dorchester, and became a justice. Here the subject of my sketch was born, in 1794.

Edward Everett entered Harvard University in his thirteenth year, and graduated in his seventeenth, a prodigy of talents and scholarship. He preferred the law, but his friends and relations urged him to study theology. He completed the course in the Divinity School at Cambridge in his nineteenth year, and was at once called to the pulpit of Brattle Street Church, Boston, made vacant by the sad death of a wonderful young man, the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster.

Mr. Everett was going on twenty when he became the pastor of the largest, wealthiest, and most intellectual society in Boston; and, though he followed the most remarkable pulpit orator of that day, he succeeded in holding his congregation and doing good. In addition to his pastoral labors he wrote a book of five hundred pages in less than twelve months, and published it. It was called "A Defense of Christianity," and was in reply to an infidel publication, "Christianity Examined," etc. I wonder if it will be *republished* with his other works!

Before he was twenty-one Mr. Everett was elected Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Harvard University, with the permission to go to Europe to recruit his health and complete his studies. He spent the first winter in England; the second in Germany, where he studied German and visited various colleges and universities. The translator of Plato, M. Cousin, met him in Germany, and, after making his acquaintance, pronounced him the best Grecian he had ever known. Mr. Everett passed his third winter in Paris, preparing for the duties of his professorship; his fourth in Rome, where he studied ancient literature in the library of the Vatican. He returned to the United States in 1819, having been absent four years and a half, and entered upon the duties of his office.

During the five years which Mr. Everett spent as professor at Cambridge he delivered lectures on the

Greek Language, Literature, and Art; published a Greek Grammar and a Greek Reader, and edited the *North American Review*. For this periodical he wrote *fifty* elaborate articles.

He entered the Congress of the United States about the year 1825, and was a member of that body for ten years. He was a working, not a speaking member. In this time he wrote *sixty* articles, *currente calamo*, for the *North American Review;* also twenty-seven orations on various subjects and for divers occasions, which were given to the public in 1836. In the year 1829 Mr. Everett made a tour through the Valley of the Mississippi. He spoke at Lexington, Ky., and Nashville, Tenn. Public dinners were given him at both places. In 1836 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts; also in 1837, 1838, and 1839.

Mr. Everett was appointed Minister to England in 1841; and during the whole of the five years which he spent at the Court of St. James, he wore the plain dress of an American citizen. I hope the Ministers of this young republic who may be sent to the gay and luxuriant capitals of the Old World will ever copy his example, and never bedeck their persons with the gewgaws of royalty. The old University of Cambridge conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Mr. Everett while he resided at London.

Mr. Everett returned in 1846, and on the 30th day of April in that year he was inaugurated President of Harvard University. Since then he has been, for

a short time, Secretary of State and a member of the United States Senate. He is now a private gentleman.

Mr. Everett has not made the most of life. True, he has been somewhat successful in every thing he has undertaken; but he has undertaken too many things. He has been industrious—no man of his day has been more so—but it is evident that the organ of "continuity" on his head is not well developed, and has not been well "cultivated" in his life. As a divine he might have been the greatest light of the American Churches; in literature he might have been a star and dwelt apart; as a writer he might have been the Addison of America; as an orator he might have been the greatest that has trodden the world's stage for centuries; and as a statesman he might have equaled Webster. But he is not any of those things, and, I may say, has almost frittered away his wonderful mind. Think of fifty articles for the *North American Review;* then sixty articles more while his brother was editor; then twenty-seven published *orations*; add to these twenty-seven unpublished, and you have one hundred and sixty-four compositions on different subjects, all thrown off in the midst of other and pressing engagements—the mere triflings of a laborious student and statesman! Had the time spent in these writings been bestowed on the elaboration of exhaustive volumes on great subjects, the reputation of Edward Everett would have been familiar to the "last man."

A poet also he is; and did my space permit, I would give you a specimen of his verse-making from the "Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth."

Mr. Everett dwells in Cambridge, Mass. I had the pleasure of being at his house in the year 1852. He is a member of the Unitarian Church, and a man whose moral character is without stain. Withal, he has gathered about him a multitude of friends and an ample fortune.

St. Louis, 1857.

XV. JOHN MITCHELL.

THE REVOLUTIONIST.

WE who are in the habit of "running to lectures" have been complaining of the dullness of the season. This is the last week of November, and not a lecturer has appeared, save one, during the autumn. Why is this? Is St. Louis too near the Far West? Are not our halls ample enough? Are not our audiences sufficiently large and brilliant? Do not our "associations," their employers, give them money enough? Perhaps you, the editors, do not herald them and "puff" them as you might. Or is the lecture going out of fashion, and the essay, or the treatise coming in? I ask these questions—I do not answer them; I am too busy sketching the last lecturer, and watching the papers and posters for the arrival of the next.

John Mitchell's lecture for last Saturday night had been announced, placarded, and talked of for several days. My dull friend, who has such a passion for lectures, and who dreamed, not long since, that he was in Boston making a small experiment in lecturing himself, thought of the occasion about *once an hour*. The lecturer was to appear at half-past seven. I "dropped in" at seven precisely, and found about five

hundred persons who deemed they also had half an hour to lose for the sake of getting a comfortable seat. A larger number of Irish *men* and distinguished men, I venture, never met before in our Library Hall to hear a lecturer. Among distinguished men were Trusten Polk, Governor of Missouri; Dr. Charles A. Pope, Dean of the Medical College; Judge Hamilton, of the Circuit Court; Rev. Dr. Post, author of "The Skeptical Era," and others.

At first I found a seat among some respectable representatives of "young Ireland." They were engaged in a brisk conversation. One said: "Well, I came out to-night just to see *John*. I want to see if he looks like he used to in the old country. Glorious fellow! Expect he begins to show age." Another said: "I never saw him; but I just wanted to have the pleasure of telling my children that I had seen John Mitchell; that is what brought me here." Another fellow, rather envious, I suspect, unwilling that one individual Irishman should appropriate so much of the world's esteem, remarked coolly: "He is not an educated man at all. He never made much noise at home. I was raised in the same town with him, and I never heard of him." Here I left them "fighting all their battles o'er again," and discussing the merits and demerits of the "coming man," and obtained a seat somewhere else.

Now a thousand feet began to call long and loud, and repeatedly, for John Mitchell, the patriot, the

revolutionist, the exile, the republican. He came escorted by "young America." He rose to speak amid deafening applause, and spoke until nine o'clock. "How did he speak?" He talked smoothly, wittily, learnedly, passionately, eloquently. He talked exactly like a man who had been on the hustings many a time. He neither read nor declaimed; *he talked*, and showed his good sense by so doing. His subject was the "Peace of Europe," and he showed us, well and truly, how they cry, "Peace! peace! when there is no peace." "How does he look?" He is a little man, in plain black, with a profusion of hair and beard, a face which seems to say: "I have studied and struggled and resolved in solitude; I have sighed and wept, and sighed and wept again, in lonely prisons." He closed his speech, and left us, with this single allusion to himself: "I am not a republican because I was banished from my country, but I was banished from my country because I was a republican."

John Mitchell is an Irish patriot. He was born in Dungiven, in the north of Ireland, in 1816. His father was a Unitarian clergyman. He received the rudiments of an excellent education at Newry, and was afterward sent to Dublin, where he graduated as Bachelor of Arts, at Trinity College, and carried off several honors. It is said: "His learning is not only varied, but profound on many subjects; and his knowledge of the classics and ancient law is only equaled by his mastery of the modern systems of govern-

ment." Mitchell was intended and educated for the Church; but his mind underwent a change, and he studied law with Mr. Quinn, of Newry. His professional career was commenced as the partner of a lawyer in Banbridge. During his apprenticeship, and when he was only twenty years of age, he and Miss Verner eloped and were married. To draw a picture of the love and fortitude of his accomplished wife will be the most delightful task of Mitchell's biographer.

John Mitchell is a revolutionist. His "Life of Hugh O'Neal," the great Ulster chief and statesman of the seventeenth century—a book of remarkable power, published in 1845—shows that he had long been cultivating revolutionary sentiments. This work fixed his position not only as a writer, but as a "nationalist." In 1846 Mitchell was the chief writer and thinker of a paper called the *Nation*. During that year he wrote an exceptionable article on railroads. For this article the paper was prosecuted. The "secession" from the O'Connell party went off during this year also. He was one of the "secessionists." O'Connell desired to repeal the legislative union between England and Ireland—nothing more; Mitchell wanted for his country a distinct nationality—a separate State.

In 1848 Mitchell ceased to write for the *Nation*, and started another paper called the *United Irishman*. It expressed the European mind of 1848 more fully and powerfully than any paper in Europe. Since the days

of Dr. Drennan had not been read in Ireland such noble exhortations as this famous journal put forth. They had all the vigor of Swift and the point of Berkeley. But there was running through them and flashing from them an enthusiasm like that which summoned the young students of Germany to arms in the Napoleonic war, and which again, in the upheaving of the nations in 1848, called forth in surging crowds the students of the European schools and universities from Rome to Berlin, and from Pesth to Paris. It was a divine literature. It was resonant with the sublime intonations of antiquity. It absorbed and poured out again the songs of the Rhine and the Alps, but was touchingly modulated with the sorrows of the Irish race, and, in quick vibrations, elicited the mirth, the scorn, the hope, the vengeance of the Celtic spirit. It was the omnipotent voice of freedom, which speaks in every tone and dialect, and from crowded cities, as from the dreariest solitudes, evokes the responsive chorus.

Whether we speak of sea or fire, in the exhaustless nature of each we find a type of that spirit which in Ireland the foreign foe has for centuries sought to master, but has never tamed, and never can annihilate. If it be like the fire, and if it sometimes smolders, a bold hand flinging fresh fuel can light it up anew. If it be like the sea, and if it sometimes sleeps, a passing wind will wake it into anger. This has been the history of Ireland, this the explanation

of her mysterious relapses and commotions. This gives us an insight into the perplexing future.

Mitchell's writings did not create, but evoked, the insurrectionary spirit of the country. The spirit had been there, and there forever it will abide. But it was smoldering, and he cast it up in flames once more. It was stagnant, and he stirred it from its depths, and lashed it into a storm.

John Mitchell is an exile. Toward the latter part of 1847, or in the beginning of 1848, Sir George Gray, M.P., introduced the "Treason Felony Bill," or "gagging act," as it was commonly called, into the British Parliament. The object of this bill was to stop the career of Mitchell. His paper, the *United Irishman*, was brought forthwith under the power of the "gagging act," and the editor was captured on May 13, 1848, and committed to Newgate, on the charge of "felony, under the provisions of the new act." His trial came off on the 26th, and on the same day a verdict of "guilty" was returned. Next morning he was sentenced to fourteen years' banishment. Immediately after the sentence had been pronounced Mitchell arose and spoke with a voice which indicated very clearly that a brave man stood behind it:

Mr. Mitchell: The law has done its part, and the Queen of England, her crown, and government in Ireland are now secure, pursuant to act of Parliament. I have done my part also. Three months ago I promised Lord Clarendon and his government in this coun-

try that I would provoke him into his courts of justice, as places of this kind are called, and that I would force him, publicly and notoriously, to pack a jury against me, to convict me, or else that I would walk a free man out of this court, and provoke him to a contest in another field. My Lord, I knew I was setting my life on that cast; but I know that in either event the victory should be with me; and it is with me. Neither the jury nor the judges nor any other man in this court presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock. I have shown what the law is made of in Ireland; I have shown that her Majesty's government sustains itself in Ireland by packed juries, by partisan judges, and by perjured sheriffs.

Baron Lefroy: The court can not sit here to hear you arraign the jurors of the country, the sheriffs of the country, the administration of justice, the tenure by which the crown of England holds this country. We can not sit here to suffer you to proceed thus, because the trial is over. Every thing you had to say previous to the judgment the court was ready to hear, and did hear. We can not suffer you to stand at the bar to repeat, I must say, very nearly a repetition of the offense for which you have been sentenced.

Mr. Mitchell: I will not say any more of that kind; but I say this—

Baron Lefroy: Any thing you wish to say we will hear; but I trust you will keep yourself within the limits which your own judgment must suggest to you.

Mr. Mitchell: I have acted all through this business, from the first, under a strong sense of duty. I do not repent any thing I have done, and I believe the cause which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one? for two? for three?

The writer of an article in the *Crayon Sketches* says: "As Mr. Mitchell pronounced the words, one, two, and three, he pointed to the friends behind him. The men thus solemnly indicated were Messrs. Meagher, Reilly, and O'Gorman. He then raised his eye with a proud glance, and, recognizing others in all parts of the court, he added with eagerness, '*Ay, for hundreds.*' Several voices in the vicinage of the dock, simultaneously and with deep solemnity, cried: 'Thousands!' and 'Promise for me!' These words were taken up all through the court, and for some minutes the building resounded with 'For me!' 'And for me, Mitchell!' 'And for me, too!'"

Forthwith Mitchell was carried off in chains. First he was taken to Spike Island, then to Bermuda, where he passed a year of "suspense, agony, and meditation." Next he was taken to the Cape of Good Hope. There, in a "close, unclean, unhealthy cavity," in the hinder part of the "Neptune" he spent five months more. Finally he was carried to Van Dieman's Land. A few years ago, assisted by a friend whom the Irish

sent from America, Mitchell escaped from Van Dieman's Land. He landed in San Francisco, where he received a magnificent "demonstration." He then proceeded to New York, where he edited the *Citizen* for awhile. Mr. Mitchell is now settled on a farm in Blount county, East Tennessee.

In politics he is a Republican; though, as he told us in his speech last Saturday night, not an Ethiopian or Black Republican. His political doctrines have always been based upon the doctrines of Jefferson and the example of the American Union. In religion he is decidedly Protestant, but believes that *liberty* is a Catholic as well as a Protestant right. I conclude this paper in the beautiful words of Savage:

John Mitchell.

Like a sky-wonder in a gloomy night,
Outshone this man upon the ways of men,
Illumining the fetid social den,
In which souls dwindled in their prime of might;
For that they lacked an honest guiding light
To cheer them from the chamber-house of chains,
Where ghouls, with more tongues than the crop had grains,
Bought up their sense, re-buying with it bright
Golden-lined favors from the despot's hand.
O! thou wert one—John Mitchell, on the isle,
To stand before the dooming cannon's file,
And preach God's holy truth unto the land.
Ay, your faith shook them from the damned eclipse,
As Christian sinners shrink 'neath the Apocalypse.

St. Louis, 1856.

XVI. JOHN G. SAXE, ESQ.

THE HUMORIST.

I HAVE the pleasure of introducing to my readers John G. Saxe, Esq., of Vermont; a peculiarly pungent, poetical pyrotechnist. He is not only a person, but a personage, having been at different times a farmer, a collegian, a school-master, a lawyer, an editor, a contributor, a traveler, a public lecturer, and an inspector of customs at Burlington. Unlike one of his own heroines,

> Whose birth, indeed, was uncommonly *high*,
> For *Miss MacBride* first opened her eye
> Through a *sky-light* dim, on the light of the sky,

John G. Saxe first opened his eyes in a farmer's cottage, like Robert Burns, "a plowman, the son of a plowman." He was born at Highgate, Franklin county, Vt., on the 2d day of June, 1816; consequently he is about thirty-eight years old. His boyhood has been taken in the following style: "Bred on a farm, John cultivated pumpkins instead of puns until he was seventeen. Indeed, his awful habit of punning did not develop itself to an alarming extent until he was of age. His youth of innocence did not foreshadow his wicked literary career. Little did the world know, when John was dropping corn and pump-

kin-seed, raking hay and digging potatoes, like any other honest and industrious swain, that he would one day be 'riding on a rail' over the country, drawing people together in lecture-rooms, and then sending them home with their mouths ajar and the side-ache."

At the age of seventeen Mr. Saxe took formal leave of rural occupations, and entered the grammar school at St. Albans. Some fathers rush their sons, and some sons rush themselves, into college at a very tender age. Such boys are then rushed through college, and rushed into one of the liberal professions or into business. After this they are generally rushed into disgraceful mediocrity or loss of health or bankruptcy. Farmer Saxe permitted his son to remain quietly at home until his physical constitution was matured. He was of the opinion that a great mind ought to have, if possible, a large frame to struggle in. Mr. Saxe himself was contented to enter a grammar school at seventeen, and after entering it he was contented to study. After wasting a part of his substance in riotous living on the roots of Greek words, Mr. Saxe left St. Albans, and entered Middlebury College. Here he remained four years, and was graduated Bachelor of Arts in the summer of 1839.

Rufus Wilmot Griswold, the doomsday-book maker, the old dry-nurse of the poets and poetry of America, and the most learned bibliographer in our country, says: "I remember that when Mr. Saxe was in college he was well known for his manly character, good

sense, genial humor, and, for an under-graduate, large acquaintance with literature. He preserves, with fitting increase, his good reputation. Besides writing with such delightful point and facility, he is one of the best conversationalists, and wastes more wit in a day than would set up a Yankee 'Punch' or a score of 'Yankee Doodles.' He is a good general scholar, well read in the best English authors, and, besides his comical compositions, has produced many pieces of grace and tenderness, that evince a genuine poetical feeling and ability."

At least one-half of the distinguished men of our nation have been, at some period of their lives, teachers of youth. Our land, like every other enlightened and Christian land, generally renders "honor to whom honor is due;" consequently we honor the private or public instructor of children and youth. Here Mr. Saxe is in "the regular succession." For many a weary day, in the once famous academy of Lewiston, N. Y., did he listen to the "hic-hæc-hocking" of girls and boys.

Having at last filled those "empty spaces which were not made for emptiness," Mr. Saxe entered upon the study of the law at Lockport, and was afterward legally finished at St. Albans, where he was admitted to the bar in September, 1843. Thus, at the age of twenty-seven—quite early enough, as I might prove by reference to those who have distinguished themselves in learned professions—he entered upon the

duties of his profession, and began to practice in the courts of the county. Dr. Griswold says he has had more than the average success of young lawyers, and a writer in the *Western Literary Register* says he has held the office of District Attorney. In addition to his legal and political gains Mr. Saxe, "I calculate," has realized something handsome in the last few years by editing and publishing the *Burlington Sentinel*, by contributing to the *Boston Morning Post* and the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and by bringing out, in handsome style, from the house of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston, a volume of his poems.

If Mr. Saxe has been abroad, I am not aware of the fact; but he has traveled extensively about home. His poetical lecture on "Yankee-land"—which, by the way, is in true Saxe-on heroic verse—has been recited more than one hundred and fifty times in as many cities and villages. As he journeys over the land he enjoys himself hugely. Hear how he sings:

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale:
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail.

As a poet our laughing Yankee will hardly go down to posterity. He excels most in fun, burlesque, and satire. His household gods are Juvenal, Horace,

Hood, and Holmes; and though Juvenal and Horace have floated down the stream of time to us, though portions of Hood and Holmes may be read a century hence, Mr. Saxe, I think, is not destined to longevity. He has written a legal ballad called, in his published works, "The Briefless Barrister;" "Progress, a Satire," the longest of his printed poems; "A New Rape of the Lock," which appeared in 1847; "The Proud Miss MacBride," which appeared in 1848; and "The Times," which came out in 1849.

These poems have already run through many editions. "Yankee-land," a poem, and "Poets and Poetry," a lecture, are not yet in print.

"The Proud Miss MacBride" is Mr. Saxe's favorite production. Hear his desperately wicked wit, about the middle of this poem, on the pride of birth:

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracie."
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy.

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it *waxed* at the farther *end*
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted *line*
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

I have seen Mr. Saxe. He is tall and large. His appearance indicates the preponderance of the "fat-limb-ic rather than the lymphatic." He is a good-looking person, and wears garments very like a Green Mountain farmer's. A large head, with high forehead, a big hand, and a tremendous foot are some of his outlines. However, Mr. Saxe describes himself best. Hear him:

Now, I am a man, you must learn,
Less famous for beauty than strength,
And, for aught I could ever discern,
Of rather superfluous length.

In truth, 'tis but seldom one meets
Such a Titan in human abodes;
And when I walk over the streets,
I'm a perfect Colossus of *roads*.

I have heard Mr. Saxe deliver "Yankee-land," "Poets and Poetry," and "The Proud Miss MacBride" to laughing audiences. He gets before his audience awkwardly, recites with amazing rapidity, and with an awful nasal twang; while his long arms hang by his sides with the grace of clock-weights. When he began to recite "Yankee-land," before one

of the largest audiences I ever saw assembled to hear a lecture, I remarked to an English clerical friend of mine: "If you see any of my acquaintances, you need not mind telling them that I was here." These words were scarcely uttered when Mr. Saxe convinced the whole assembly that the wittiest of living poets, the prince of punsters, the veritable John G. Saxe, of Vermont, was before them.

It is said that when Thackeray was lecturing in New York on the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" the works of Swift, Congreve, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Pope, Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith were brought down from the top shelves of book-rooms, and sold and read. I was reminded of this a day or so after Mr. Saxe left the city. After inquiring at four of the largest book-stores in the place I learned that scores of volumes of his poems had been sold during his stay, and that not a copy was left.

Bryant is rich, Halleck is rich, Longfellow is rich, Dr. Holmes is rich, Sprague is rich, and it is said that John G. Saxe lives very well, if not very wisely.

St. Louis, 1854.

XVII. REV. HENRY GILES.

THE LECTURER.

IN his "Pictures from Italy" Charles Dickens says: "It was no more *my* Rome, the Rome of *anybody's* fancy, man or boy—degraded and fallen, and lying asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins—than the Place de la Concorde in Paris is." On first seeing Giles I suffered a disappointment that at least *reminded* me of Dickens's disappointment on first driving into Rome. He is no more my Giles, the Giles of anybody's fancy who has read his captivating volumes, than the little man in jeans who used to desire the office of door-keeper in the Tennessee House of Representatives is. I always figured him about six feet high, weighing one hundred and forty pounds; with light hair, long and flowing, such as the poets write about, with blue eyes, lengthy face, and beautiful, clear, expansive forehead. Moreover, I figured him with clerical garments on, and speaking with a voice of bewitching and irresistible intonations. A mild, contemplative, Christian scholar and orator I expected to see. His lectures, too, I supposed would be heard by almost every person of pure literary sympathies, tastes, and talents in the city.

Our preachers frequently tell us that "this is a

world of disappointment;" and our preachers tell the truth. Rev. Henry Giles, the public speaker with a national reputation and more, the author of four or five splendid volumes, looks not magnificent. Much such a personage, no doubt, sat for the picture of the "Little Man in Black." As the reader will most probably never see a picture of him, I have a mind to describe, in few words, his personal appearance. Mr. Giles, to be plain, is a *dwarf*, with small chubby feet, crooked "lower limbs," and a *hunchback*. His arms are small, and his hands seem to be of no use to him when speaking, except that he wipes his forehead with his right hand, and turns the leaves of his manuscript with the left. His head is an indifferent, scrubby-looking head, covered with uncultivated, black hair. Of course he appears to be a little awkward. His voice, in the first of his lecture, is somewhat husky; but afterward loud, clear, ringing. Sometimes, when he reads a paragraph that has cost him great labor, or describes a lovely and interesting scene—one perhaps that he has looked upon—it is tremulous and touching. I should think Mr. Giles numbers forty years and measures five feet. This description, reader, is candid if not kind.

"What is the great secret of Dr. Stockton's popularity as a preacher?" This is the question that a distinguished divine once put to a plain clerical brother. It was answered in the following style: "Dr. Stockton, you say? Well, first, he is a ghost,

and ghosts, you know, awe us into great reverence; secondly, his voice is sepulchral, and any thing from the grave produces wonder and amazement; thirdly, his style is very eloquent." Mr. Giles is a decided favorite with lecture-going people. What is the secret of his great popularity? First, he is a poor, little, *deformed* man, and excites your sympathy at once; secondly, that purged, severe, self-withdrawn, philosophic look of his commands your respect; thirdly, he has written lectures, delivered lectures, and published lectures, until his name is associated with scarcely any thing but public lecturing; he is known and discussed as "Giles, the lecturer;" fourthly, a man of his scholarship and style and eloquence and genius would be a man of mark in any country. His being a foreigner and a Unitarian clergyman are disadvantages, except among "*snobs*." Mr. Giles occasionally treats his auditors with as much familiarity as if they were his first cousins. In the delivery of his first lecture on "Exaggeration in Popular Oratory," about a quarter of an hour before its close, he paused, took out his watch, looked around at the gentlemen on the platform, and remarked: "Gentlemen, I wish these lectures were to be more than an hour long;" then, turning several leaves of his manuscript reluctantly, he remarked to the audience very carelessly: "That was a paragraph or two on the exaggerated eulogy bestowed upon what are called self-made men; but we will turn on to something more

important." And on he would go despite the clamorous feet of the assembly calling long and loud for the paragraph on "self-made men." As sensible a man as Mr. Giles is, I have no doubt, thinks that all men who are made at all are self-made men; that Daniel Webster, with a collegian's opportunities, is as much a self-made man as Elihu Burritt with a blacksmith's advantages; that books and teachers do not and can not make learned and great men; *they must make themselves.*

Mr. Giles's second lecture was on "The Worldling." Here he took the middle ground; neither glorifying extreme poverty, as a Catholic priest would have done, nor recommending the accumulation of immense wealth, as the great and *miserly* Dr. Franklin did. But, that you may have some idea of the *solidity* of his "middle ground," I will repeat a part of his lecture which "fairly brought down the house:" "Ladies and gentlemen, if a man were to bequeath me a million, upon the condition that I should manage it myself, I do not think I would accept it—my habits are not very familiar with the use of such sums; but if he were to propose to bequeath me a quarter of a million, upon the same condition, I should say: 'Write it down.' I think I could manage *a quarter of a million.*"

Mr. Giles's third lecture was on "Temper." It was a most agreeable yet strange compound of wit, pathos, biography, poetry, sarcasm, and eloquence, the

whole pervaded by the highest philosophy. If those elderly ladies who are "walking excommunications;" if Pharisees, who exhibit such a "ferocious sanctity;" if politicians, who have returned home after so many days of "hard smiling;" and if those preachers who are patent "millennium-makers," did not get a suitable and severe rebuke while listening to this lecture, it is because there is not power in thought or language to make them feel.

The fourth lecture of the course was on the "Personality of Shakespeare;" and though there are two more lectures to come before the completion of the series, I am pretty confident that this is Mr. Giles's master effort. Gilfillan says: "Every man has a dark period in his career, whether it is publicly known or concealed, whether the man outlives or sinks before it." I do not believe this is true of "every man;" I do not believe it is true of the meek and blameless patriarch, Isaac; neither does Gilfillan (see "Bards of the Bible"); but I do believe that William Shakespeare had many "hours and powers of darkness;" and that sheer justice should have forbidden the *Reverend* Mr. Giles from speaking so beautifully and charitably of the poet's great sins. Among many other statements, Mr. Giles made in substance the following: All that the curious; all that his admirers; all that historians and biographers the most learned; all that societies formed for the express purpose can find out and authenticate of the personal history of

Shakespeare might be written on the back of a visiting card." Rather difficult to believe. Without arising from my table, or looking into a single book, I have found out nearly that much myself. William Shakespeare was born; was baptized; was educated in a free grammar school; was a student; was fond of fun; was a thief; was irregularly married to a woman much older than himself; had his first child baptized about six months afterward; became the father of twins after that; became the father of children no more; went to London in early life; went on the stage as an actor; wrote most of his life for the stage; cared more for the money which his plays brought than for their immortality; made a handsome fortune; lived in London himself, while his neglected family lived at Stratford; had no religious creed; finally retired; made a will, and such a will! died, and was buried. His sepulcher is with the English unto this day. They esteem him greatest of poets and of men.

St. Louis, 1854.

XVIII. REV. THOS. H. STOCKTON, D.D.

THE INSPIRED DECLAIMER.

I WISH to induce more than ten thousand people to read a very charming poem written by a Western authoress. As I can reach this number through the columns of your paper, I am tempted to introduce it with a brief reminiscence of Dr. Stockton, of Baltimore.

I had recently heard Dr. Neely in Huntsville, Ala., Dr. Summers and Dr. Smith in Charleston, S. C., Dr. Young, of Kentucky, and Jesse T. Peck in Washington City, when I arrived in Baltimore. This was in July, 1852. To be frank, ever since I read the lines alluded to above—and that was when I was a boy—I had thought of Baltimore *simply* as the home of Dr. Stockton; and, "to tell you the precise truth," I stopped there purposely to hear him.

On Saturday morning several of the daily papers announced that he would preach in the forenoon of the next day at a school-house in the suburbs, and at night in the Methodist Protestant Church. "Hero-worshipers," as Carlyle would say, are always in good time; so you may take it for granted that I was at the aforesaid school-house by ten o'clock A.M. A man, a woman, and boy were already in waiting. At

ten and a half the little room was tolerably well filled, and the preacher came. Just imagine Henry Clay dressed in loose black clothes, somewhat emaciated, laboring under the influence of the asthma, and you have the best idea I can give of Dr. Stockton's personal appearance. First he bowed in silent prayer, then arose, and panted and wheezed through the lessons and hymns, and public prayer. If any stranger came to criticise, he felt no disposition to do so now. Those words of prayer, so brief, so quiet, so solemn, and so trustful, made one feel: "Surely God is in this place." The preacher announced his text, and for the first time looked out upon his audience. Before and during the opening service he had cast no glances at the assembly, but conducted himself as one alone with his God.

The text was Ecclesiastes ix. 10: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." The sermon was brief—no mean recommendation nowadays, when ponderous divines would give us wind for wisdom, and length for logic. At the conclusion of the service Dr. Stockton "opened the door for the reception of members." His invitation was substantially the following: "We want to build up a union society here. Persons who join us need not be called Methodists; but may hold their membership in the various evangelical Churches in the city. All Christian people who may desire to

worship here, and receive the gospel from us, and keep up the expenses of this place will come forward and unite with us while we sing. This is the third Sabbath we have worshiped here. If no one should join us to-day, we will take it for granted that you do not desire such a society here." The Doctor raised a tune, and we stood and sung it through. Did any one join? Not a soul. They all know that he had attempted, at various times and in various places, to collect together such a society, and had invariably failed. This is his weakness.

I left the school-house with such thoughts as these running through my mind: "Coming up here this morning 'did not pay' quite as I expected; somewhat disappointed in him; but he is a wondrously-gifted man. How common even a great man becomes at home! He would draw an immense crowd in the South! I must hear him again to-night, etc. 'For Jesus himself testified, that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.' (John iv. 44.)"

Soon after dinner Dr. Stockton was in the Cathedral filling his soul with music; later he was in the Friends' meeting-house keeping silence; then I saw him standing erect in St. Paul's Episcopal Church repeating the Creed. I accompanied him home for tea. From tea until service time, which was one hour, he spent in his closet. I was informed by one of his family that this is his constant practice. No company is ever allowed to interfere with these devotions.

That night I saw Dr. Stockton in his glory. The large Methodist Protestant Church was brilliantly lighted up—the pews and aisles and vestibules and gallery all filled with a serious congregation. Not such an audience as hurries and hustles, and jostles and rustles, and staves and stamps into Henry Ward Beecher's Church, in Brooklyn, to hear Beecherisms and blasphemy; but a quiet, solemn congregation was there expecting to hear "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" from a man of true genius and vocation. The preacher ascended the pulpit alone. Now "all the air a solemn stillness held." Soon the words of a charming "voluntary" came floating down from the choir, and stealing into the soul like voices from the spirit-land. As we were singing the last stanza of the hymn before the sermon I noticed perhaps a hundred persons take up large cards from the pews, and look at them a moment, and place them back again. When the text was announced I took up one, and running my eyes about one-third of the way down, saw that we were seated to hear "number thirteen" of a "series of forty half-hour sermons" on the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. The text was 1 Corinthians xiii. 4: "Charity envieth not;" and the sermon was characteristic of the man, and satisfactory to the assembly. Dr. Stockton is about the only famous preacher I have heard up to this date who is fully able to sustain his reputation, and meet the expectation of strangers.

Considered merely as a public speaker, he owes much to his personal appearance, but more to his genius and learning and industry. As a minister of the gospel we are to look upon him as one who has been sent out by the Great Commissioner, and who is most mightily aided by his Holy Spirit. As an author he will never take the first rank. We think of him as one who can write for a generation, but not for an age. His late volume, "Sermons for the People," is a very readable book.

Dr. Stockton is a member and minister of the Methodist Protestant Church; has spent most of his professional life in and about Baltimore. Popularity has never spoiled him, or even affected him, so far as I have heard. He has written poetry, prose, and criticism.

It is generally understood that he is the preacher referred to in Amelia B. Welby's poem, entitled "Pulpit Eloquence." When I commenced the sketch I intended to annex that entire poem to it, but have committed my usual fault, and written too lengthily. I shall, therefore, content myself by presenting to your readers that part of the poem which refers to Dr. Stockton:

In stature majestic, apart from the throng,
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song.
His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love;
Yet the heart glowing raptures that beamed from those eyes
Seemed saddened by sorrows and chastened by sighs,

As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its love unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enforced by such gesture, it sunk to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod,
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew!
The scene of his sufferings rose clear in my view—
The cross, the rude cross where he suffered and died,
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from his side,
The cup of his sorrows, the wormwood and gall,
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall,
The garland of thorns, and the demon-like crews,
Who knelt as they scoffed him: "Hail, King of the Jews!"

He spake, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm—
His tone so impassioned, so melting his air,
As touched with compassion he ended his prayer;
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,
While that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable clung,
Still spoke though expression had died on his tongue.

O God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed, yet a Deity spoke;
A man, yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth, yet so clearly connected with heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,

With his eyes closed in rapture, their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips!

There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss from the lip, to the heart.
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred,
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes,
The lip's soft persuasion, its musical tone—
O! such was the charm of that eloquent one.

St. Louis, 1856.

XIX. REV. GEORGE COPWAY.

THE OJEBWAY INDIAN.

"BIG Injun Me!" This quotation may convey to the mind of the reader an idea of the impression which Rev. George Copway has left upon many of our citizens. He fed our listeners on lectures so long, and so plentifully supplied them with his literary slop during the last winter, that they are now ready and willing to give in their testimony that the fountain from which it proceeded is rather a huge one. Here is mine.

Copway is an Ojebway—"full blood" and no mistake. I say "Ojebway" because this is the correct orthography and pronunciation. The French in Canada either could not or would not pronounce "Ojebway," but said "Chippewa." Hence the origin of the word "Chippewa." This item of information I received from Copway himself. He lived in the forest with his family and his nation until he was well-nigh grown. About this time he and a few other Indian boys entered a school at Jacksonville, Ill., I believe. This school was under the direction of Rev. Peter Akers, D.D., now President of McKendree College. Here he completed an education which is by no means extensive. Since his academical *curriculum* Copway has

kept himself busy, preaching, lecturing, and writing for Indians and "whites"—for Americans and Europeans.

As a *preacher* he has not succeeded. First, because he is a man of dress—amazingly fond of fine garments —"perfectly devoted to perfumes." Second, because he is a lady's-man, and, if living in London, would frequently be seen in the Park, "with a lady at his side." Third, because he is not zealous—does not have his "work greatly at heart." Fourth, because he is like some other clerical mosquitoes—does not remain in any one place long enough to make "full proof of his ministry." And fifth, because he is an Indian, and, being an Indian, has no idea of abstract truths.

As a *lecturer* he has succeeded amazingly. First, because he is an American Count D'Orsay. Second, because in female circles he "takes eight eyes out of ten." Third, because his religious scruples do not obstruct his flight through the mid-heaven of the marvelous. Fourth, because he is not a man for solitude, but for society—can sit for pictures, dine on beef, sup on oysters, and talk the while. No hand is more welcome to ring an up-town bell than Copway's. Fifth, because he makes the acquaintance of writers and editors, and asks them to notice his last lecture. Sixth, because these words, "The Indian Chief," at the head of his enormous posters, may be read across a square. Seventh, because he is an astonishingly eloquent In-

dian, the thunder of whose voice is never staid in mid-volley. And last, because he has been to Europe.

As an *author* he has produced four volumes: "Recollections of Forest Life," which I presume is a sort of autobiography of George Copway; "Traditional History of the Ojebway Nation;" "The Ojebway Conquest," which I understand is a poetical love-story; and "An Indian's Views in Europe," which I suppose chronicles his pilgrimage to the great Peace Convention in Germany. Besides these works Copway has addressed a pamphlet or so to the Congress of the United States to enlighten the darkened understandings of its members on Indian affairs; and written articles innumerable for the political and literary newspapers and magazines of our country. Indeed, he supports himself and family by writing for the press one half of the year and lecturing for the public the other half.

I infer, from some of his conversations, that Copway's literary acquaintances are many and of the first rank. He speaks of Cambridge and Henry Longfellow as one would of his birthplace and the pleasant companion of his youth. He mentions *poor* Nathaniel Willis, dying with consumption, as tenderly and familiarly as one talks of a domestic who is a hopeless invalid. Anne C. Lynch and Emma C. Embury are his faithful friends. And so of many others.

He delivered many lectures, in many places, before

many audiences, and on several different subjects, while he remained in the city; but as I did not hear them all, and as those I did hear were of various merits, let an anaylsis of his first lecture suffice. It appeared as an editorial in one of the morning papers, and as I wrote the editorial I shall appropriate it.

Mr. Copway, the Indian Lecturer.

We were, on last Thursday evening, where the reader ought to be this evening—at the Centenary Methodist Church listening to one of Mr. Copway's Indian lectures. The spacious church was elegantly lighted, and tolerably well filled by some of our most intelligent citizens, with here and there a stray hero-worshiper like ourself. We noticed that "the cloth," including Rev. Dr. Akers, of Lebanon, Ill., were well represented on the occasion—the lecturer himself being a clergyman.

At half-past seven o'clock Mr. Copway, every inch a red man, walked out in the chancel before a delighted auditory. When we saw him we thought Nature had fallen in love with herself, and had lavished her charities upon his magnificent form. Mr. Copway began by singing a solo in his land's language. Then came the lecture; instructive, amusing, poetic, witty, eloquent, and interesting, from "Ladies and gentlemen" to the final bow. The elegances of Meagher pleased us, the witticisms and puns of Saxe made us laugh, the philosophizing of Giles provoked us to think; but the stormy eloquence of the Indian

heated our blood "from the scalp to the ankle." He is a living specimen of the highest style of oratory—the natural. He is a Titan among a brood of Titans—a Boanerges among Sons of Thunder.

His subject for the evening was "The Religious Belief, Poetry, and Eloquence of the North American Indians." Mr. Copway said that the Indians believe in the Great Spirit, or Benevolent Spirit, or Merciful Spirit; that, after searching long and patiently for his abode, they came to the conclusion that his *wigwam* was the sun; that fathers instructed their children around the dying embers of their camp-fires in the knowledge of the Great Spirit; that wherever there was any thing mysterious in nature—any thing he could not understand—in the belief of the Indian, *there* was Spirit. He believed there was Spirit in the Falls of Niagara, for example.

He said that the Indians believed in another Spirit—the Evil Spirit; that he lived under the earth; that he was in the form of a serpent of incredible length, having horns longer than the tallest pine; that they offered more sacrifices to appease the wrath of the Evil Spirit than they did to propitiate the favor of the Good Spirit; that the Evil Spirit caused all the sin and suffering of the world. This is the belief of the Indians of North and South America and the islands of the ocean. Upon this article of religion, in the unwritten creed of the Indian, he predicated an argument for the unity of the races; inasmuch as Moses

in Genesis represents Satan, who "brought death into the world, and all our woe," in the form of a serpent. The blow which the "poor Indian" gave the theory of Dr. McDowell here was decidedly healthy.

The lecturer then spoke of the poetry of the Indian; said that it was not written poetry; that the Indian could not write such poetry as the white man wrote; the Indian's poetry was the poetry of nature. Here he gave a glowing picture of the lovely Valley of Wyoming which once belonged to his kindred. This description was a *prose poem* about twenty minutes in length. The strong and gorgeous web of his eloquence caught easily such flies as Akers, McAnally, Hogan, and ourself. He met a young lady in the Valley of Wyoming, who said she had been sitting upon the very rock where Thomas Campbell sat when he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming." She did not know that Campbell had never visited America.

On the "eloquence of the Indian" Mr. Copway was very happy; said the eloquence of the Indian embraced these three elements—simplicity, earnestness, and the correct use of figures. His people were simple; their language did not afford them many words. They were earnest; their public speakers were not like the clergymen he had heard while making the tour of Europe, whose action and monotony he then imitated. Their eloquence was highly figurative; all great thought links itself to imagery, but their figures were drawn from nature. The lecturer concluded by

giving his audience a few specimens of Indian eloquence. We inferred from his final remarks on Thursday evening that Mr. Copway intends to educate a number of Indian boys with the money secured by these lectures. Let his houses be crowded.

"The Indian Chief" tarried in St. Louis several weeks. He enjoyed the hospitality of one of our elegant private families, and "dined out" perhaps as often as any gentleman then in the city. He lectured before our congregations, public schools, in the Mercantile Library Hall, and before some of the secret orders to which he belonged. He preached in almost every Methodist Church in the place; was present and took a part in the services on the day of general Thanksgiving; was also present and took a part in one of the dedicatory services of the First Methodist Church, and endeavored to render himself agreeable and useful generally.

Copway's great enterprise, with which he dazzles the eyes of the public, and creates for himself some attention in Washington City, is this: He wants the Government to give him a small piece of land somewhere in the North-west. On this he proposes to erect a seminary for the education of Indian boys. Two or three boys are to be selected from each Indian tribe, and all educated together in this school. After they finish their education the boys are to be sent back to their respective tribes. There they are to ag-

itate the people, and to correspond with each other on the subject, until, finally, all the Indian tribes of the West and North-west shall be amalgamated, civilized, educated, Christianized, and perpetuated. This is Copway's grand enterprise; and allow me to say that, in my humble judgment, it would be difficult to find an Indian, from Greenland to California, *less* likely to carry it out than himself.

Copway is about thirty-five years of age; is married to an English lady of considerable family, and resides in New York City. They have baptized one child.

St. Louis, 1855.

XX. REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

THE PULPIT ORATOR.

IS it an episcopal decision that every sketcher of Dr. Durbin shall tell that same old story about the first appearance of the "Western Professor" before an "Eastern audience" in the "Old Academy," Philadelphia, or forfeit his ministerial standing? Is there a dispensation now laid upon me, as I step upon the threshold of this article, to tell all about the Philadelphia "Wiseacres," "the "Swan's Song," the "Goose-cackle," the "Western Preacher," and the "Begging Expedition?" I hope that I may hazard nothing in leaving this gossip, this twaddle to "A Journeyman" of 1852, and Abel Stevens of 1855. Once, in Brooklyn, I showed this story to Dr. Durbin, and have good reasons for believing and writing that he thinks a part of it is false and the whole of it foolish.

Dr. Durbin is nearly fifty-five years old, having been born October 10, 1800. He is a native of Bourbon County, Ky. Poverty or neglect deprived him of an early education. In 1814 he entered a cabinet-maker's shop in Paris, Ky.. where he remained, like a sensible boy, and learned a trade. In 1818 he was converted, made a public profession of religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Ben-

jamin Lakin received him into the Church. One week after this, through the instrumentality of Rev. Absalom Hunt, he received a recommendation to the Quarterly Conference for a local preacher's license. He was licensed to preach November 28, 1818, by Rev. Alexander Cummings, and sent to a place called Limestone Circuit. In 1819 he was sent to a circuit two hundred miles around, in the north-west corner of Ohio, to exercise his "gifts and graces" in preaching the gospel to about one hundred Church-members. Here he became a student in good earnest, and read the works of Wesley, Fletcher, and Dr. Clarke—"all of which," the editor of the *National Magazine* says, "he thoroughly mastered in the Western cabins." This is simply a Stevensism. I am afraid the eloquent Doctor has not "mastered" them yet. Next year found him the colleague of Rev. James Collard, the printer, on a circuit in the State of Indiana. Here he studied English Grammar. One who has listened to the amusing anecdotes of Dr. Henkle, of Tennessee, would infer that "John," as the Doctor familiarly styles him, learned the grammar to perfection. The Conference stationed him in Hamilton, Ohio, in 1821. While in this charge he studied Greek and Latin, etc., in Miami University at Oxford. That was an unusually sensible congregation of Methodists who put the time of their young pastor at his own disposal during the week, that he might furnish his mind and prepare himself for fut-

ure usefulness and influence in the Church of God. In 1822 he was stationed in Lebanon, where he pursued his studies under the direction of Dr. Martin Ruter, and the tuition of a private instructor of rare accomplishments. In 1823 and 1824 he was in charge of a Church in the city of Cincinnati. Here he completed the course of study in Cincinnati College, and was admitted at once to the degree of Master of Arts. The A.B. was omitted.

Such is an outline of the history of John P. Durbin during the first few years of his travels, toils, and self-denials in search of the souls of men. The honor of writing that exquisite story, "I'll Try," sits becomingly on one who has cut and cleaved his way through so many obstacles.

> Behold the portrait, and admire;
> Nor stop to wonder—imitate and live.

Young man, young woman would you like to rise too? Well, get up. Who hinders you?

Since his graduation Dr. Durbin has been employed in teaching the languages in Augusta College, Kentucky, to students who still speak of him with the generous glow of enthusiastic admiration; as chaplain in Washington City, where his sermons to the Senators are still remembered for their pith, pathos, and power; as President of Dickinson College, supported by the most remarkable Faculty of young men (Emory, Caldwell, Allen, McClintock, Sudler, Crooks, Reed, McClintock, M.D., Scott, Bowman, and Walker) ever as-

sociated in any Methodist institution; in traveling over the Old World, and writing us four volumes of great merit, to let us know how he waked and how he slept, how he walked and how he talked, what he saw and what he suffered; in preaching to crowded churches in the city of Philadelphia for years in succession; presiding over a district in Philadelphia, and, as we younglings say, preaching "with great acceptability and usefulness;" editing a newspaper, and acting as the Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. Durbin, in addition to all this, is rather an industrious writer. Besides "Observations in Europe," 2 vols. 12mo, and "Observations in the East," 2 vols. 12mo, he has contributed articles, stories, and reviews for the quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies of our Church and country, which will live long after he is gone. "I'll Try" is one of them. And he can lecture withal. In a conversation with Dr. N. L. Rice, not long since, he said to me: "Dr. Durbin, of your Church, delivered one of the most interesting lectures I heard while I was in Cincinnati."

The editor of the *National Magazine* writes: "We have no hesitancy in pronouncing Dr. Durbin the most interesting preacher now in the Methodist pulpit. We gave Olin this distinction once, but it remains now with Durbin. Others there are who excel him in particular respects, but none that equal him either in popular effect or in the interest of intelli-

gent, thoughtful minds." Yes, Dr. Stevens, "others there are." I know one—a great obscurity when compared with the wide fame of Dr. Durbin—who excels him in every "particular respect." I know another—more distinguished than Dr. Durbin—who excels him in every "particular respect," save *one*. That is to say, I know Dr. John W. Hanner, one of the most eloquent Methodist preachers alive; who perhaps combines more perfectly than any man now in the pulpit the strength of the lion with the flight of the eagle; who, if he were in London and so minded, could relume the days of Edward Irving; and this is to say I know Dr. George F. Pierce, incomparably the most eloquent Bishop in the Methodist Church, North or South.

The eulogist of Dr. Durbin says: "We speak deliberately." I claim to do the same. I have heard Dr. Durbin twice, in his loftiest moods, in Pacific Street Church, Brooklyn, before crowded audiences. I have heard Bishop Pierce preach twice also—both great occasions—once at the session of the Georgia Conference, and once in Nashville, the funeral sermon of Bishop Capers. I have heard Dr. Hanner only twice—both times before the Tennessee Conference. And depend upon it, when the Recorder of Immortal Names comes to register these three he will write them down, "Hanner, Pierce, Durbin," among

> the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die.

It is not difficult to describe the personal appearance of Dr. Durbin. In *calm* he stands before you a shade below the ordinary height of Americans, but firmly put together. His head is rather common, but not so contemptible in appearance as has been represented. It is covered with long, well-cultivated, brown hair, mingled with grey. His eyes do his own seeing, stupid as they appear. Above them is a forehead, like Calhoun's, like Channing's, like Bancroft's, like Bishop Simpson's, neither broad nor high nor prominent. Fortunately, however, brains are behind it. He is broad enough between the ears. His nose is small, turned up slightly at the end. The mouth indicates that you are not to press on Dr. Durbin; that he is disposed to have his own way. The general complexion of the face is florid. His neck is short, and clothed daily with polished linen and most elaborate lawn. He wears fine black clothes from the best of tailors. These are brushed entirely too often. Hands and feet small, but active, well gloved, and unexceptionably shod. He is broad between the shoulders, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. In *storm* that is only when he is speaking, and sometimes not then—he is a transformed man, moving before you in majesty, vital from head to foot, his hands waving eloquence itself, his chest erect, his face transfigured before you; his eyes, as the Englishman said of Daniel Webster, opening, and opening, and opening, you think they will never quit opening; his

thought, like lightning, piercing you; and his voice, like thunder, amazing and overwhelming you. Be it reverently quoted: "Lord, it is good to be" there! His manners in private are those of a quiet, chilling-cold friend, inclined to be serious, but perfect of their kind. They would suit some acquaintances of mine, who suppose their tubs tower like unto Diogenes's, who think to be feared is *not* to be hated; but who are simply mistaken. "As for my single self," I have little use for persons of such freezing friendships unless they could be persuaded to sit for grave pictures to fill a department of "Original Tragicalities" in some new monthly magazine.

A polite note, in August, 1852, in reply to one I had sent him through the post-office, invited me to Dr. Durbin's residence in Philadelphia. I delivered a letter of introduction given me by Dr. Wightman in Charleston. The same afternoon we set out for New York together. The next morning (Sunday) I walked all the way to Pacific Street Methodist Church, "over in Brooklyn," to hear my first sermon from Dr. Durbin. The sacrament of the Lord's-supper was to be administered in the afternoon. The service and sermon in the forenoon were appropriate and impressive. I had heard Brother Elliston, of Nashville, describe his manner of introducing a service and sermon so well that I supposed I was prepared for the worst. But so slow, so feeble, so drawling, so whining an effort at reading, praying, and talking was beyond my

power of endurance; and, being a stranger and lost in the crowded church, and sadly disappointed, I leaned over the back of the pew in front, and prepared for a dull hour and a deep intellectual sleep. Precisely at this moment he threw off his first thrilling paragraph. It brought me as straight up as the starting of a railroad car. I looked at the preacher, and behold! his eyes were open. The afflatus had come! Sleep had fled. Directly another, and another, and another, to the conclusion of *one* of the longest, most instructive, most refreshing, most eloquent gospel sermons that ever fell from the lips of Christian preacher. There was no provoking conceit, or paradox, or daring speculation that day; but a pure stream of gospel truth flowed from the preacher's head and heart. The "Academy" listeners were willing to hear him again. I was anxious. The concluding services reminded us that he had not forgotten to drawl yet. A paper sermon against Pantheism, read from the pulpit of the Church of the Pilgrims, in the afternoon, and another from the platform of Henry Ward Beecher's Church, at night, on the subject of Astronomy, cooled me off, so that I slept well. On the next Sabbath morning the same congregation in the same Church were favored with another sermon from Dr. Durbin. His subject was the address of the servant to Naaman. It was much better suited to the preacher's genius than the "Institution of the Eucharist." It brought out his full narrative and de-

scriptive and illustrative and pictorial powers. It was the better sermon of the two, and satisfied me that Dr. Durbin ought to stand *third* among "the first three."

Dr. Durbin's is a great nature that can rest. Wonder if he is any kin to Goldsmith or Pope or Cowper? He *sleeps* fully as much as they are reported to have done. Immediately after early family devotion he gets to bed and goes to sleep. Awhile after the second bell for prayers, late in the morning, he comes down in masterly composure. It is Sabbath morning at Brother Raymond's in Brooklyn. He preaches at eleven, dines at one, goes to bed drawling out, "Now you get ready to preach to-night, or there will be no preaching done," and sleeps till three. He arises at three, attends church, administers the sacrament, and spends the remainder of the afternoon in reading, or low serious conversation. After tea he attends church, listens to you attentively, declines concluding the services for you. From the church he hastens to his bed-room, hastens to bed, expresses his astonishment at those who keep such late hours, and falls to sleep or ever the words die upon your ears. Next morning he comes very near arising in time for prayers; misses it about five minutes, and apologizes elegantly. We spend the next Sunday in the same pious family. The Doctor preaches in the forenoon, gets fully awake, dines at one, and immediately prepares to get fully asleep. I venture to ask him to

hear Rev. R. S. Storrs at three. He promises upon condition that I will not awake him until three. At the minute I wake him. He looks at his watch, and yawns out: "Blessed is the man that invented sleep." Says it will be time enough in fifteen minutes, and a deep sleep falls upon him. At a quarter after three he arises, and we go to the Church of the Pilgrims. Storrs is absent. A youth from the Theological Seminary, in New York, reads a manuscript sermon. We retire, and just as we step upon the pavement the Doctor quietly remarks: "Right clever sort of young man—rather a sprightly mind; but he has knocked me out of at least *two hours'* sleep." Dr. Durbin told me that one of the most cheering thoughts when busy in the execution of his work was that of sleeping *soundly* when it was done; said that frequently after days of mental toil he lay down and slept from fourteen to eighteen hours. Men of genius must have some peculiarity. It strikes me that this is Dr. Durbin's. I conclude—not in reference to his sleeping, but to his wonderful activity and energy when awake – with that beautiful stanza from Longfellow:

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Foot-prints on the sands of time.

St. Louis, 1855.

XXI. JOHN B. GOUGH.

PRINCE OF THE PLATFORM.

WELL done for the ladies of the Martha Washington Society! They displayed more world-wisdom in the employment of a lecturer this season than any association of the city. They all wanted to furnish the public with popular lectures—but they all wanted the public to furnish them with a large amount of money. They needed lectures less; they needed funds more. The other associations announced great names; the Martha Washingtonians announced a great man, a perfect master of eloquence. A name "draws" the first evening, and never "draws" any more; a man having "the gift of the gods" speaks to hundreds on the first evening, and to thousands on the last. A name brings out a small audience twice a week; a man brings an eager crowd every evening, and we wish the evenings came twice as often. The other associations employed hand-bills and placards; they puffed and reported, that an excitement might be kept up. The Martha Washingtonians announced the arrival of John B. Gough, and, to quote from one of our city papers, "a thrill of delight passed through our entire community."

The gentlemen of the Library Association brought

on Professor Benjamin Silliman, Sr., the *old man* from Yale College. They issued in elegant pamphlet form "A Programme of the Course of Twelve Lectures on *Geology*." Tuesday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, November 6, 1855, in the Grand Hall of the Mercantile Library building, the venerable lecturer appeared amply supplied with reputation and rust, diagrams and drawings, fossils and fishes, rocks and reptiles. Single tickets, fifty cents. A thousand people present, perhaps. The reader expects me to say that after a few evenings he came down to the Small Hall, and that was not filled. Well, such was the fact. It is said that the association sunk several hundred dollars on him. I do not mean to say that Professor Silliman is not the ablest geologist in this country; that he does not lecture well in his classroom at New Haven; but I do mean to say that something more is demanded of popular lecturers than mere learning.

The Young Men's Christian Association employed the Right Rev. John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., of the Diocese of Vermont, for a course of six lectures. St. Ambrose, what a name! Look at the prefixes and affixes! That name ought to bring a crowd! Ample posters, with "Bishop Hopkins Lectures Tonight," stared upon you from the corners of "dead-walls." At the appointed time an elderly gentleman —in respect of adipose matter, suggestive of venison pasties and dainty bits of warden pie; a man of the

Bishop order; that sort of a Bishop who holds a fat diocese, and dispenses divinity in lawn sleeves—appeared and read an opening lecture. The young men thought best to begin in the Small Hall. After the first evening they thought best to remain there. A series of old sermons, dull ones at that, with the texts taken off the top, will not answer for a course of lectures, even in the "Far West." However, I suppose the course paid expenses, and more.

The Christian Association gave two other courses of lectures by Rev. John Lord. The first course, on the "Bourbon Kings of France," was appreciated and successful. The second course, on the "Fathers of the Church," was not appreciated, and therefore unsuccessful. As a brilliant historical lecturer I presume Mr. Lord has no equal.

Three courses of lectures were delivered before the Young Men's Catholic Institute during the winter: the first by Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, an ex-editor, and ex-member of Congress from Philadelphia; the second by Donald Macleod, Esq., ex-Episcopal clergyman; the third by Levi Silliman Ives, ex-Bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina. Chandler read; Macleod declaimed; Ives preached. Chandler's audiences were brilliant; Macleod's mixed; Ives's were motley.

"Now, sir, you may draw a figure: John B. Gough is coming to St. Louis," said Dr. Parsons one morning as he entered my office. On the same day Rev.

J. Whitaker said to me: "You will have a 'character' now; Gough is coming." I mean to say that Mr. Gough's visit to the West was a matter of deep interest to many thousands of people. It was his first visit. He was coming to speak in the largest hall in the West; to replenish the treasury of one of our noblest charitable associations: theme, "Temperance." Hundreds of our citizens had previously heard him in the Eastern and Northern States, when he held enchained with his eloquence the assembled multitudes. "They had everywhere witnessed, as the results of his labors, prosperity and peace restored to desolate homes, and the hearts of women and children leaping for joy."

On the first evening he was to appear at half-past seven o'clock. I took a friend and went at half-past six, and found the hall fast filling up. I did not expect to find many of the upper circles there. See! it was a sort of temperance meeting, and they did not know whether the lecturer had been to Europe or wore a nice mustache. But several of *the remote* were there. Eloquence "settles all," as Charles Lamb says of "print."

The reporters were quietly sharpening their pencils, as if a whole staff of stenographers could report a man who speaks so rapidly, so vehemently, and so amazingly as John B. Gough. Your "gallery men," if they have the ordinary kind of blood in them, must find it very difficult to stick to the cold paper and

the desk's dead wood when he speaks. The "boys about the hall" were clearing the platform of gas-burners, desks, cushions, and tables; for they had just learned that the lecturer did not *read*. And, now and then, you might see a "manager" of the Martha Washington Society casting a furtive glance at the vast assemblage with that ineffable satisfaction of countenance which is produced by the expectation of a full treasury.

The hour arrived. Mr. Gough appeared on the platform. Rev. D. Read offered prayer. Dr. Parsons gave the introduction. Mr. Gough spoke about two hours. He is a small, homely, modest, timid, sad man, who dresses very plainly, and is totally free from affectation. The matter of his speech—I will give you a quotation directly. His manner is entirely unreportable. The effect produced, no tongue can utter it, no pen describe it.

A writer in the *Christian Advocate*, who informs us on "What I have seen and heard," and signs himself "M.," says: "And now, for the benefit of those of our readers who have never seen Mr. Gough, we would state that, having heard this gentleman in one of his happiest moods at Concert Hall, we will attempt to give them an idea of his person and powers. We attended particularly to every word of his lengthy discourse, examined his diction, language, attitude, voice, and, as far as we could, looked through the man, to see where his great strength lay." Now, reader, at-

tond! You will hear something remarkably philosophic: "Our cool, calm hall and home reflections led us to the following conclusions: That in point of mental ability, *Mr. Gough is not much above mediocrity.* . . . The great secret of his power, as we believe, is in his manner. This we infer from the fact that, upon the main question, *Mr. Gough gave us no new ideas.* We had ourselves used all the points introduced by him many years ago." Had "M." known any thing of the decisions of critics, ancient and modern, the above would not have been written; and, lacking such information, propriety should have dictated his saying nothing—at least, nothing disrespectful. Rogers says: "If this be so, the intellect of the orator must be regarded as one of the rarest phenomena which appear in the world of mind. Such, at least, has been hitherto the uniform judgment of criticism. To possess a genius for consummate eloquence is always considered to imply intellectual excellence of the highest order. So peculiar are the required modifications and combinations of intellect, imagination, and passion that, it may be pretty safely averred, we shall as soon see the reproduction of an Aristotle as of a Demosthenes." I present this decision of a learned man to "M.'s" consideration, inasmuch as he admits in the same letter that Mr. Gough's "attitudes, with some corrections, would win immortality on the stage;" that, "by a happy art, he transfers to the platform, before the audience, the

absent living and the dead, in all the vivid reality of personal presence;" and that, "upon the whole, he regards Mr. Gough as among the most gifted of platform speakers."

He delivered five lectures in our city. His audiences increased to the last. People of all occupations, all religions, all philosophies, all ranks heard him. In the gustiest midwinter that had been felt for sixty years—paying the ordinary admission fee to hear the discussion of an unpopular subject—thousands of people thronged the lecture-room of this *lux mundi* on the "Temperance Reform." I heard him three times, and I have no hesitancy in believing him to be the most effective platform speaker in the world.

Let us hear what others say. In an article headed "Religious Orators in London" the accomplished writer says: "Among popular religious orators in England we may justly place in a prominent position your illustrious countryman, John B. Gough. It is true that he has never spoken publicly in this country, directly and avowedly, on sacred subjects; but there are various ways in which the seed of everlasting truth is scattered abroad, besides the labors of those who by their profession go forth with the seed-basket in their hand. As drunkenness is the greatest curse of the Anglo-Saxon race, any one who labors successfully for its removal is entitled to be reckoned among the benefactors of his species; but when the advocacy of temperance is conducted on sound gospel

principles, when the necessity of power from above is acknowledged to enable men to keep their promises and fight against their besetting sins, and when it is clearly proclaimed that although outward reformation may have been accomplished, still there remains the same necessity of being made a new creature in Christ Jesus, such a course entitles the advocate to be reckoned among the true laborers in the gospel vineyard. No orator has made so great a sensation among all ranks and classes of people in England for many years past as Mr. Gough. His brilliancy, fervor, humor, energy, his inventiveness of imagination, his true poetic feeling without a particle of affectation, his immense power over the hearts of his auditors, and the evident sincerity which pervades the whole man are unsurpassed, and in some respects unequaled. He will be most heartily welcomed whenever he revisits Old England."

In an article headed "John B. Gough" the *Christian Intelligencer* says: "This young Whitefield of temperance has returned from Great Britain to his cottage home in Boylston, having achieved greater triumphs of popular eloquence than any man of his generation. To listen to an unpopular theme, he has attracted, for seventy different evenings, in the single city of London, crowds of auditors too vast to be accommodated in the most spacious halls of the metropolis. This, too, with a charge for admission! Edward Irving, in his palmiest days, achieved no such

marvels of oratory. During Mr. Gough's British tour he has spoken on an average once in every twenty-four hours, has addressed nearly a million of souls, has attracted the most intellectual to his eloquence, and has carried a knowledge of the temperance movement up into the influential *strata* of English and Scotch society. Yet he looks more vigorous than when he left us on his mission of truth to the Old World; he is stronger in body and mind. From the shower of 'testimonials' and complimentary addresses, of silver cups and golden guineas, he has escaped to the quiet of his rural home in Massachusetts to catch a breathing-spell before he girds again for his *battle against the bottle.*"

From the *Southern Christian Advocate*, whose editor as a writer and selector has no superior among Southern religious journalists, I clip the following: "As we write of Mr. Gough's achievements on the platform we recall the rainy day eleven years ago when we first saw the hand-bill posted on a dead-wall in this city, announcing that 'Mr. John B. Gough, of Boston,' would discuss the hackneyed theme of total abstinence, in the Broadway Tabernacle. We heartily pitied the youthful stranger making his *debut* in this overgrown city. Since that time we have pitied him. The Tabernacle speech went off very well; our sober-sided college 'chum,' who heard it, pronounced him 'a prodigious fellow, but somewhat theatrical.' At the first opportunity we went to hear the young ad-

venturer from Boston. As we entered the house it was already jammed with an audience comprising many of the most intellectual citizens of P. Curiosity was on tiptoe. Presently there was a stir in the crowded aisle, and a pale stripling, apparently just out of his 'teens,' made his way to the rostrum. He cast his dark eye once over the formidable crowd, and then bent his sad, thoughtful-looking face timidly toward the floor. The late venerable Dr. Miller introduced him to the audience. A few modest words were uttered with some hesitation of tone; we wondered what we had all come there for. Presently the young orator said: 'My friends, when the temperance reform first originated it was among the middle classes, and, like a mine exploded in the sand, it did its work without violent concussion. Then came the Washingtonian movement, when the match was kindled in the solid granite of the lower orders, and the mighty upheaving shook, for a time, the nation. And now, to-night, I want to thrust a fuse into the upper strata.' This happy geological simile was received with pleasant surprise; people began to exchange nods of approval; surprise quickened into wondering delight; the house grew as still as the grave; and at the end of twenty minutes the spell of enchantment brought us all to the orator's feet. *He did with us as he chose.* He shook us with laughter, and then melted us into tears. Our mathematical professor, who never cried without a reason for it, sat before the pulpit with

tears rolling down his cheeks. As Mr. Gough's voice sunk into a thrilling whisper, the house was painfully still; and then it swelled up into a trumpet blast that resounded to the farther side of the street. Remarkable as was the mimicry displayed, we soon discovered that the orator's *forte* lay in his graphic, terror-moving sketches of thrilling and pathetic scenes. His descriptions of the boy rescued from the burning house; of the sister wiping off the clotted blood from her wounded brother's brow; of the lean, pale wife, who blesses her reformed husband at her bedside; of the infatuated man who gives himself up to the rapids of Niagara, and of his conduct while on the awful verge—all these were equal to the most vivid touches of Charles Dickens. As he brought before us his fearful picture of the *delirium tremens*, we actually *suffered* in sympathy with the victim of rum, held up to our startled view, and were ready to cry out with anguish. 'I could not sleep after that speech last night,' said a friend to us the next morning; 'it absolutely *haunted* me.'"

The writer thinks that a man who works ought to be paid for it. He also believes that the labor of the brain is worth more than the labor of the hands; and, having performed a little of both, claims the right to judge, at least for himself. He is glad to see from the *Berwick Warden* that the English paid Mr. Gough handsomely for his lectures: "While in Edinburgh Mr. Gough's equanimity at breakfast was much dis-

turbed one morning by an income-tax schedule being thrust into his hand. The commissioners had 'calculated' that Mr. Gough would carry off no inconsiderable number of Queen Victoria's sovereigns across the Atlantic, there to be added to his store of 'almighty dollars,' and they reckoned he was quite as liable to pay their lawful 14*d.* in the pound as any of her Majesty's subjects. Mr. Gough was of course much 'riled' by this specimen of British tyranny and rapacity, and made strenuous protests both against their right to tax a citizen of the great United States, and, when that would no longer avail, against the amount at which he was assessed. Ultimately, however, he consented to be assessed on £1,500 as the amount of his gains during his lecturing tour in Great Britain, and his contribution to the expenses of the war was the pretty little sum of £87 10*s.*"

The *Good Templar* has a charming contributor who has heard Mr. Gough since his return from Europe. He writes: "I confess I was somewhat skeptical as to his abilities to do all that was promised. I had often heard the people laud to the skies inferior talent; and I had seen even clergymen allowing their names to appear before the public in puffing commendations. I, however, consented to hear him, although some said it was not genteel to appear at temperance meetings. His addresses were effective beyond description. He enchains his audiences as with a spell. They were entirely under his control. I was prepared

for something vastly superior, but not for this rich feast of oratory which he had provided. He would at one time convulse them with laughter; then suddenly unseal the pent-up fountain of tears, and make strong men cry like children, and seem bursting with very grief; then anon the hall would ring again with the merry plaudits of his delighted and submissive hearers. No wonder the thousands of Exeter Hall, London, were for forty consecutive evenings spell-bound by his oratory. Mr. Gough has in a wonderful degree the three grand requisites of poetic genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it. He is entirely free from that unaccountable stiffness of manners and articulation which characterizes so many public speakers, and even some clergymen, so that their hearers are continually reminded of abortive attempts to imitate theatrical performances. His characters are well studied, well drawn, and perfectly natural. A Hogarth or Sir Joshua Reynolds could paint his orations life-like on the canvas. His pathetic appeals enter your very soul, and stir up the depths of your being in sympathy for the poor, infatuated drunkard."

I have given these long quotations because they are from different religious papers of great respectability and influence; because they were written by men living in different latitudes and countries; because they sustain my estimate of Mr. Gough as a man of intellect and eloquence; and, finally, because the *Christian*

Advocate's contributor needs information with regard to the man of whom he speaks so disparagingly.

This sketch has grown upon my hands to such a length that I am almost sorry I promised the reader a quotation or two from Mr. Gough's lectures. On the first evening he concluded with these words: "What fills the almshouses and the jails? What hangs yon trembling wretch upon the gallows? It is drink. And we might call upon the tomb to break forth: 'Ye moldering victims! wipe the grave-dust crumbling from your brow; stalk forth in your tattered shrouds and bony whiteness to testify against the drink. Come, come from the gallows, you spirit-maddened slayer; give up your bloody knife, and stalk forth to testify against it. Crawl from the slimy ooze, ye drowned drunkards, and, with suffocation's blue and livid lips, speak out against the drink. Unroll the record of the past, and let the recording angel read out the murder indictments written in God's Book of Remembrance; ay, let the past be unfolded, and the shrieks of victims wailing be borne down upon the night-blast! Snap your burning chains, ye denizens of the pit, and come up sheeted in fire, dripping with the flames of hell, and with your trumpet tongues testify against the damnation of the drink.' . . . Of those who began this work some are living to-day; and I should like to stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which

to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure, pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned: 'Love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to all men.' Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning copestone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet; we do not see the magnificence of the superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery; through vineyards, under trellised vines with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind; when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase; when they shall come up to the last distillery, and destroy it to the last stream of liquid

death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that mankind should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters, and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then, will the copestone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in wondrous beauty before an astonished world."

The *Good Templar* gives the following from a lecture delivered in Exeter Hall, London: "'Let us look,' said he, 'at the man enslaved by his appetite. There he stands. We might fancy that he has a vision. Before him stands a bright, fair-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful boy, with rosy cheek and pearly teeth and ruby lips—the perfect picture of innocence, peace, health, purity, and joy. What is that? That is your youth, all that is your past. Then there comes another figure before him: the youth grown to a man; intellect flashing from his eye; the broad, noble brow speaking of genius, as he stands in a commanding position, and claiming for himself, by the mighty power God has given him, an influence over the words, feelings, and conduct of his fellow-men. There he stands, a glorious spectacle. What is that? That is your ideal. Now creeps in a wretched thing, manacled hand and foot; there are furrows upon the face; there is the swollen lip, a fit throne for sensuality; the eyes are

wildly glaring or bedimmed. There he stands; and what is that? That is your present. We may have one more, if you please, to fill up the scene; and that shall be a wretched, emaciated creature. As he opens his breast you see his heart all on fire, with the worm that begins to gnaw, and that will never die, coiled in the flame. What is that? It is your future. Now let me tell you, young man, that the power of evil habit, though it may destroy a man's faculty, does not destroy his consciousness. The curse of the man who feels himself going down the sliding scale is the remembrance of the past, the remembrance of those bright dreams of ambition. Those dreams, those scenes are before him, separated from him by a whole continent of grief and gloomy disappointment and pain of body and fever of spirit—distinct, but distant as the stars—clear, but cold as the moon that shines on his waking agony or on his terrible repose. For indeed it is a terrible repose. Yonder there he sees the point he once occupied, and the cloud of sin, brewed in the caldron of his own sensual appetite, ready to crush him and press him down deeper, with the consciousness that every particle of the propelling power emanates from himself; and such a slave is he to evil habit that, shrieking madly, he goes down with the very smoke of future torment almost so near that he can bathe his hands in it. What does a man get in barter for all the enjoyments that he has given away; for the miserable, paltry pleasures that are

obtained in this world? I believe that a merciful God has set a ban upon certain pursuits, and if we follow them we are ungrateful to him who has given us so many sources of enjoyment. Take the man that has been all his life-time a slave to evil habit. What has he gained? He has spent his life, his fortune; he has bartered his jewel, sold his birthright, and what has he acquired? Nothing but the mere excitement of chasing after that which is not reality. Men talk about enjoyment in these pursuits. There is no enjoyment. The enjoyment is merely momentary and imaginary. No man ever received solid satisfaction in wicked pursuits, that he could long enjoy and hold fast. "Aha! aha!" he says, "now I am happy." It has gone from him. And the enjoyment that men can obtain in this world, apart from the enjoyments that God has sanctioned, are enjoyments that lead to destruction, through the power of fascination, habit, and excitement. It is as if a man should start in a chase after a bubble. Attracted by its bright and gorgeous hue, a gay set of merry companions with him, it leads him through vineyards, under trees, and by sparkling fountains, with the music of singing birds. He looks at life through a rose-colored medium, and he leads a merry chase. In the excitement he laughs and dances, and dances and laughs again. It is a merry chase. By and by the excitement becomes intense; its intensity becomes a passion; its passion becomes a disease. Now his eye is fixed upon

it with earnestness, and now he leaps with desperation, pleasure, and disappointment, mingled with excitement. Now it leads him away from all that is bright and beautiful, from all the tender, clustering associations of by-gone days; it leads him up the steep, hot sides of a volcano. Now there is pain and anguish in the chase. He leaps, falls, and rises; is scorched and bruised and blistered. Yet still the excitement and power of evil habit become almost a passion. He forgets all that is past, or strives to forget it in his trouble. He leaps again. It is gone! He curses and bites his lips in agony. He shrieks the wild, almost wailing shriek of despair. Yet still he pursues his prize, knee-deep in the hot ashes. He staggers up, with torn limbs and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize, and he will have it. With a desperate effort he makes one more leap; and he has got it now; but he has leaped into the crater with it, and, with a bursted bubble in his hand, he goes to his retribution. Every man that is carried on, a slave to evil habit, seeking for enjoyment in those pursuits that God has not sanctioned, assuredly loses all, and gains —what? He stands before God's bar, and can not even present the one talent unwrapped from the napkin; but, as the result of his influence, power, intellect, and position, he presents before the assembled world all he has gained, and that is a bursted bubble!'"

St. Louis, 1856.

XXII. HON. WILLIAM T. HASKELL.

THE TENNESSEE ORATOR.

YOU have recorded the death of a wonderful man. I knew him—General Haskell. He was endowed, furnished, amazingly eloquent, frail, and unfortunate. His was a life of earnest purposes never realized, splendid promises never fulfilled. If he was a fragment of a man, he was large, brilliant, blazing. But his "continuity" was not large. He passed too rapidly "from thing to thing."

William T. Haskell was the son of Hon. Joshua Haskell; born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1817 or 1818; graduated at the old Nashville University while Dr. Philip Lindsley presided. The roll of the Senior Class for 1834–5 has his name, I think. He was a scholar; fond of reading; deep in history; spoke some French.

He served his country in the Florida war well and bravely, and immediately afterward served his constituents of Madison County in the Tennessee Legislature; not more than twenty-three years of age at this time. As early as 1840 he began to exhibit those powers of speech—that complete mastery over the multitude—which he retained till reason fled. I have not heard his equal on the stump.

In 1844 he was on the electoral ticket in the Clay

canvass. At the breaking out of the Mexican War he volunteered as a soldier, but was elected to command a regiment; hence his military title.

It was immediately after his return from the war when I first met him. A young friend, Mr. Lewis, and myself, were spending some time in Nashville. One day we called on Allen A. Hall, Esq., then editing a Nashville paper. Said he: "Have you seen General Haskell yet?" "No." "You ought to call on him. His talk is astonishingly brilliant and eloquent." After this I met him at the Sewanee House. He was surrounded by admirers, because covered with honors; was tall, pale, and perfectly dressed. The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue. Haskell was continually tempted to talk, because there were so many to listen. But he talked well on every subject. If such a man had entered the club-house in London, in the days when Garrick and Burke and Johnson talked there, his conversation would have been accepted; he would have had listeners. I have heard some fine conversationalists—Thackeray, Everett, Bayard Taylor—but none whose natural powers were superior to Haskell's.

Soon after this, though scarcely thirty, General Haskell was elected to Congress. As Marshall and Prentiss and others before him, so did Haskell; nay, worse than these; for he came home with his constitution wrecked, and reeling under the influence of Washington City life, and having lost thousands of

money. One long, dark night, in a solitary stage-coach, he gave me full details.

Here a beautiful streak of temperance appears in the ever-darkling web of his existence. He lectured over the State to vast crowds; and men cried till their faces were spotted, or laughed themselves hoarse, over the many-colored pictures he drew. But he was a man at constant hand-grips with destiny, and in the struggle soon lapsed again. He was fast yielding to a malady more fearful than that which preyed upon the vitals of Prometheus.

In 1852 he was placed, "for the State at large," on the electoral ticket in the Scott canvass. The newspapers said such crowds never came out, and such speeches were never uttered before on Tennessee soil. During this canvass I was coming through from Knoxville to Nashville by stage. On top of Cumberland Mountain General Haskell got in. He was worn, slovenly, soiled. He entered the stage swearing. The moment he saw me, though the stage was full, he extended his hand and said: "Mr. Young, I beg your pardon, sir. It is mean in any one to swear, especially so in me. I was once a member of your Church, sir, and enjoyed religion; was a class-leader. My wife is a Christian woman, and I am the father of children. You and I became acquainted at the Sewanee House on my return from Mexico. You shall not hear me swear any more in this coach, sir." And he kept his promise.

That night he talked French and English, history and politics, religion and literature, love and temperance—a perfect salmagundi. At midnight it rained heavily: the road became slippery. After awhile the driver stopped and told us that unless two men would hold the lead-horses he could go no further down the mountain. On one side was a deep precipice. Haskell stepped over to that side, saying: "Mr. Young, you may take the upper side. One of us may get killed, and I think it likely your life will be more beneficial to the world than mine."

We got to Sparta about daylight. Haskell walked to the desk, and, glancing his eyes down a page or two of names, remarked: "There's nobody been here! Let's register our names, and let them know *somebody* has been here." So he wrote in a large, bold hand, "Wm. T. Haskell," and then entered my inarticulate name.

I have never seen Haskell since. I understood he volunteered some service for Fillmore in 1856. Long and dark was the night he spent in the asylum at Lexington. Longer, darker, and more fatal still, his last days in the asylum at Hopkinsville. Between these *mad-houses* he enjoyed a few lucid weeks. During this time he produced an eloquent poem in two parts. Part I. is a description of Haskell insane; Part II. is a picture of Haskell restored.

Lexington, Mo., 1859.

XXIII. HON. TRUSTEN POLK.

UNITED STATES SENATOR.

TRUSTEN POLK was inaugurated Governor of the State of Missouri this day. As Judge McLean is the greatest layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), so Governor Polk is the most distinguished layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He is D'Arcy Paul, of Petersburg, and Harry Hill, of New Orleans, combined; is as exemplary as the one and as benevolent as the other.

The Church of Christ owes much to this class of men. Stephen and Cornelius and Philemon belonged to it. Constantine of Rome, Clovis of France, Alfred of England, and Washington of America were all laymen. Those powerful friends and patrons of Martin Luther and the Reformed Church—Frederick the Wise, John the Constant, and John the Steadfast—were pious temporal princes. William Wilberforce, Edward Everett, and James K. Polk will be remembered as Christian statesmen. Matthew Hale, Chief-justice Marshall, and Thomas Farmer belong to this class of men. In this paragraph are the names of those who have thought and prayed and written and legislated, and even fought, for the prosperity of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Polk is not a New England man, as some have supposed; he is a native of the State of Delaware, and a better friend of the South and all her institutions I do not know. I differ with Mr. Polk in the cardinal principles of his political creed, but his *Southernism* is worthy of all admiration.

Whether he educated himself, in the ordinary acceptation of this phrase, or not, I am not prepared to say. He is a graduate of Yale College. Mr. Polk's literary taste, general reading, and actual scholarship would rank him among "men of letters" if he had sought their society. He enjoys a lecture I am sure. For years past I have noticed him at such places regularly, and he always seemed like a hard-worked lawyer unbending himself delightfully.

We can not say of Mr. Polk that he read law there or studied law here—he is one of those sensible men who has read and studied law *all the time*, since he entered the legal profession. He sits down to a law-book like Dr. Rice does to a work on polemical theology—because he loves it. Gentlemen of his profession have told me that there is not a lawyer in the West whose opinions have more weight with judges and jurymen than Trusten Polk's. If his political friends had not designed him for the place he now occupies, and afterward for the United States Senate, he would have been elevated to the Supreme Bench of Missouri years ago. Mr. Polk's speaking abilities are of a high order, though not of the highest.

He came to the city of St. Louis about twenty years ago. Some say he came afoot. This *may* be true. When he was a student at Yale he employed his vacations traveling over New England on foot, and it is said that there is scarcely a place of interest in New England that he did not visit during his four years of college life. That he entered upon his professional career in the West with very limited means is certain. An old citizen of St. Louis said to me once: "The first time I saw Trusten Polk he was quite a young man sitting by a small cooking-stove frying a beef-steak for his breakfast. His office served him for a kitchen, a dining-room, a bed-room, and a study. But he received us like a gentleman and a man of business." He now lives in a comfortable mansion, with an interesting and intelligent family around him, and an abundance of means for their education, support, and introduction into the world.

Mr. Polk became a Methodist and a class-leader while he was a student. He could say of the fascinations of college life, and all the allurements to dissipation, and tendencies to evil connected with it: "*None of these things move me.*" He has led a class ever since; and if his pastor has not changed him within the last month, he is a class-leader now. The young men of Centenary Church had but one objection to his election. They said: "The State will get a good Governor, but we shall lose a good class-leader. Brother Polk leads our class in good style, and then invites us

home with him to take tea." One of the preachers of the St. Louis Conference, when asked his political preferences during the canvass last summer always replied: "*Hurrah for the class-leader!*" This was his "rough and ready" way of telling his politics. Mr. Seay, who was the traveling companion of Mr. Polk during the canvass, said to me on his way to Jefferson City: "Wherever we went last summer we were certain to be greeted by some warm-hearted Methodist preacher." Mr. Polk is a steward in the Centenary Church, and a trustee in two or three Churches. Wesley Chapel and Sixteenth Street Church are built on his ground. In addition to this he pays fifty dollars a year to the Church Extension Association of St. Louis, and is the Chairman of their Board of Trustees.

Mr. Polk is exceedingly punctual in the performance of his duties. Since he was elected Governor of Missouri I was dining with him at a friend's. It was an elegant place, and the dinner came on at a rather fashionable hour. When we were exactly half through the courses Mr. Polk looked at his watch, and remarked: "You must excuse me, ladies and gentlemen; it is my hour to attend my class-meeting." It is needless to say that such a man was excused. The gentleman of the house followed—it was *his* hour to meet *his* class, too.

Mr. Polk is a consistent man. He does not receive letters on Sunday; does not send letters on

Sunday; does not buy the Sunday *Republican*, nor read it.

The evening after the inauguration the Governor gave a magnificent entertainment to the members of the Legislature, officers of the State, citizens, and strangers, at his residence in Jefferson City. His wife and daughters entertained their guests elegantly.

Jefferson City, Mo., 1857.

LATER AND FULLER.

Trusten Polk was born May 29, 1811, in Sussex County, Del. His parents occupied a respectable position in life. The son being designed from a boy to pursue a profession, his education from the commencement was conducted in accordance with this design. He was sent to the schools of the neighborhood, and then to an academy at Cambridge, on the eastern shore of Maryland, that he might have all the advantages of a proper preparatory education previous to entering college.

He was sent to Yale College, at New Haven, and, after graduating, was still continued amid the classic associations of that celebrated institution, and in the Law School began the study of his future profession. After completing the legal course at Yale Mr. Polk returned home, and was engaged for a short time in learning the practical duties of his profession in the office of an eminent attorney before he was admitted to the bar.

He soon found that the business of his little State

was monopolized by a few veteran lawyers of long practice and extensive acquaintance; and that a young lawyer, no matter what might be his abilities, would have to spend the first years of his life in comparative idleness and preliminary starvation before he could hope for any thing like a proper remuneration of his services. These prospects were not favorable enough for one of Mr. Polk's aspiring disposition; so he cast his eyes toward the "Far West," where the States were new, and professional men entered the field *ad eundem gradum*. There talent would at once meet its reward. The country being peopled with strangers, a young lawyer's merit would soon be tested. He would not be doomed to spend the first golden days of his youth in indolent obscurity, as he would be compelled to do in States that have long been settled, and where there is no immigration. Influenced by these considerations, Mr. Polk started in 1835 for the State of Missouri, and finally located in St. Louis.

It is often asserted, but without a shadow of reasonable support, that if a man have genius and talent, he will become eminent in the sphere in which he moves, even if he has not the advantages of proper previous training. Examples are often given of men who by mere force of intellect, without its being strengthened by proper training and preparation, become lights in the various professions and vocations of life. But really such cases are as rare as "angels' visits;" and if youth were not prepared by befitting

instruction for the different professions, then the laboratory, the bar, and the pulpit would present the sorriest spectacles, and would merit the ridicule of an intelligent order of citizens.

Fortunately for Mr. Polk, he had received all the adventitious aid of a thorough training in mental exercises previous to commencing the study of law; and when he had mastered his profession he possessed an untold advantage over those who had been deprived of a suitable preparatory education. His polished speech, the fund of knowledge which he could draw from a thousand sources to strengthen and adorn it, and his suavity of manner soon won him hosts of friends, and made him eminent as a lawyer.

On December 26, 1837, two years after his arrival in St. Louis, Mr. Polk was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth W. Skinner, second daughter of Curtis and Anne Skinner. They had emigrated from New Windsor, Conn., and had been long resident in Missouri. For several years afterward he pursued an extensive practice, until the labors incident to a successful career in the legal profession began to tell upon his constitution and threaten a premature decline. He was compelled to retire from his pursuits, that his health might be recruited. During this interval of relaxation, which was a portion of 1844–5, he spent one winter in Louisiana and the Island of Cuba, and the ensuing summer he traveled in the New England States and Canada. During his absence as a

valetudinarian he was selected by the citizens of St. Louis County as a member of the convention which met in 1845 for the purpose of remodeling the Constitution of the State, and it is said he did good service in that honorable body.

It is not to be supposed that a man of Mr. Polk's ability and popularity would not receive from the public some demonstration of its confidence by an appointment to some high official position. Accordingly, in 1856 he was nominated by the Democratic party as a candidate for Governor. This was at a time of much political excitement. The American party and the Free Soilers had their strongest champions in the field (General R. C. Ewing and Hon. Thomas H. Benton), and they were exerting themselves to the utmost to obtain the supremacy. In this warm contest Mr. Polk was elected to the chief magistracy of the State of Missouri, and in due time was invested with all the honors of his station.

He had exercised his prerogatives but a few weeks before he received still further evidence of the estimation in which he was held by the public, by receiving from the Legislature of his State an election to the Senate of the United States for six years.

In possession at one time of the two highest political gifts that it was in the power of his State to bestow, it was necessary that he should resign one. He gave up the gubernatorial chair, that he might represent his State in the Senate of our National Con-

gress. This position he still enjoys, and is a working (not a speaking) member of that venerable body.

In his profession Mr. Polk deservedly occupies a place in the front rank. He is characterized by his urbanity of manner, honorable bearing, and perfect freedom from vituperation in debate. His eloquence is of the Chesterfieldian style—conciliatory, impressive, but always free from the gusty excitement of passion.

He belongs to the Democratic party (Breckinridge), is firm in his political faith, and warmly attached to its principles. During the past summer he volunteered considerable service and lost some valuable time that he might carry his State against Bell.

Senator Polk is one of our best givers; contributes to college endowments, Church extension associations, the St. Louis Book Depository, Bible Societies, missionary treasuries, Sunday-schools, Conference collections, the support of the gospel, the various asylums, the poor, etc., indefinitely. Indeed, in four years' acquaintance I never saw him refuse. He gives largely and regularly.

Senator Polk is fond of revivals, and will labor with you at an altar until the last lamp fades. His elegant home is the seat of hospitality for "our Bishops and other clergy." May the Lord grant him "in health and strength long to live," as an example of a public man who does not drink wine, or spend the Lord's-day receiving or writing letters, buying or reading political newspapers.

XXIV. MAJOR URIEL WRIGHT.

THE WESTERN LAWYER.

IN my last I drew an outline of the Governor of Missouri. Now make room on your first page for a sketch of Major Uriel Wright, the orator of Missouri.

Great men may be divided into these two classes: First, those who have a great reputation abroad and none at home. Mr. Tupper, the poet and novelist, belongs to this class. A few years ago I met an English D.D., from London, who had never heard of Mr. Tupper or his books. "Surely," said he, "you are mistaken. If there were an author in England of that name, I should have known it." Second, those who possess wonderful popularity at home, but are not well known abroad. Major Wright, the scholar, the lawyer, the orator, belongs to this class. Every man in the West who takes and reads a newspaper for a few years knows something of Major Wright; still he has not attained a national repuation.

I confess that I had never heard of him until, a few years ago, I came to make my home in the metropolis of the Great West. One Monday night I saw the Old Fourth Street Methodist Church lighted up. I stepped in; saw a few gentlemen sitting to-

gether around the stove. One, a small man, with dark complexion, black hair and black eyes, sat back at a little distance, muffled up in a cloak, and looking so very quiet that he scarcely seemed to breathe. I was introduced to him by the elder, Mr. Finney, who said: "Let me introduce you to Brother Wright, one of the stewards of our Church." From the evening of that stewards and leaders' meeting until the present moment our friendship has been uninterrupted.

Major Wright is another of our distinguished Methodist laymen. If you attend the First Church in St. Louis, and remain in with Mr. Finney's class, which he leads immediately after morning service, you will likely meet with him and hear him talk in class-meeting. He will say something that will edify you. If you step into the lecture-room of the same church on the evening of general prayer-meeting, the pastor will likely call on him to lead in prayer; and you may hear a prayer to every petition of which you can heartily respond, "Amen!" Should you enter one of their love-feasts, held on Monday night of each quarterly meeting, you will be likely to hear a speech from him that will electrify you. And when the altar is surrounded with sinners seeking the religion of our Saviour, he does not consider his position too exalted to labor with them, weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with them that do rejoice.

In March, 1854, a revival meeting was held in the Old Fourth Street Church. The pastor was somewhat

fatigued, and had invited Major Wright to conduct the services for one evening, giving him only a few hours' notice. At seven o'clock he walked up into the altar, sung a hymn, offered prayer, read a portion of the third chapter of John's Gospel, explained the nature of the *new birth*, and conducted the after-meeting in such a style and with such success as would have led any stranger to suppose that he was pastor of the church. A few Sundays after this the Asbury Chapel was crowded with people—children, parents, friends. It was the occasion of their Sunday-school anniversary. Major Wright was present by special invitation, and delivered the anniversary address. When the great Sunday-school Convention for the West assembled here in the spring of 1855 Major Wright was selected to deliver *the* speech of the occasion. More than one thousand persons, including children, *crammed* into the Verandah Hall to hear him.

I mention these things simply to show how *a truly great man*, with an immense legal practice and a wide popularity, *can afford to make himself useful.* He is not afraid of turning the attention of the public from himself to the cause of Christianity. Ponder these statements, ye little-great men—ye semi-celebrities—throughout the land; and if indeed you have any light, let it shine.

At present Major Wright lives quietly, and with sufficient elegance, on the corner of Eighth and Pine, St. Louis. He is a native of the Old Dominion, and

a graduate of one of her venerable literary institutions. His wife was born and reared in the same State, and is *every way* worthy of her gifted husband. Her piety and Dr. Boyle's preaching under the blessing of God led him to Christ. I may also add that the son and the daughter are worthy of their excellent parents.

About thirty years ago Uriel Wright began his career as a lawyer in the northern part of the State of Missouri. He culminated almost at a single bound. As a pleader he has stood at the head of the list in the State of Missouri for at least twenty years. I never expect to hear this statement disputed. Moreover, since the death of S. S. Prentiss, Uriel Wright is by far the most eloquent lawyer and politician in the Mississippi Valley. He has devoted his life to his favorite profession, and he understands it; and remember there is no intuition in the law—it must be read, studied, mastered, and remembered. Said a distinguished judge to me a few evenings ago: "Major Wright is the most wonderfully adroit man that ever managed a case in my presence. I question, sir, if he has an equal in the nation." A very intelligent physician was talking to me, not long since, on the subject of public speaking. Said he: "In arranging for a debate a man should always avoid, if he can, following the most powerful effort. Judge Bates's speech in the celebrated 'Childs case' would have done him great credit if he had not followed Major Wright."

Major Wright has not sought to figure largely either in State or national politics. He has served his party once or twice as an elector in his own Congressional District, or for the State at large. He has been spoken of by friends for a seat in the Senate of the United States several times, and I am inclined to think he will yet be a member of that body.

Major Wright has not written much for the public. His lectures before the various associations, and his orations before colleges and fairs, would make a handsome volume if collected together. His printed addresses show the rhetorician as well as the orator. He says he studied "old" Booth and Mr. Clay when he was a young man. He might add Hugh Blair and Lord Kames, I think.

Major Wright is well read outside of his profession. His favorite author is Dr. John Harris. He will regret Harris's death, mainly because the world will get no more books from his prolific brain. The subject of my sketch is a little turned of fifty.

Jefferson City, Mo., 1857.

XXV. CHAS. B. PARSONS, D.D., LL.D.

THE CONVERTED ACTOR.

REV. CHARLES B. PARSONS, D.D., of Louisville, was unanimously chosen to present First Church, St. Louis, as an offering unto the Lord of Hosts, and dedicate it to his service. It was fitting that this distinguished preacher should have been selected for the occasion. I know a few men of greater talent, and a few of more extensive and profound erudition in the Methodist Church than Dr. Parsons, but I know of not one who is so perfectly equal to what we call *a great occasion* as he. Any reader familiar with the antecedents of Dr. Parsons will not be astonished at this statement. He has been accustomed to meet great occasions, I am told. "Practice makes perfect."

The day of the dedication—Sunday, December 31, 1854—was a delightful Christian Sabbath. Providence favored us with one of those brisk and beautiful December days that are seldom equaled. At half-past ten o'clock the preacher entered the pulpit and looked out on as large an audience as I have ever seen assembled in the house of God. Every Methodist Church in the city, excepting two, suspended their regular services for this occasion. After con-

ducting the opening services himself, Dr. Parsons announced this text: Psalm lxxxvii. 5: "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her." The text being read and introduced, he announced this theme, "The Divinity of the Church," and proceeded, slowly, very slowly, at first, but afterward with the thundering utterance, graceful, powerful action, and rush of soul characteristic of the man when assisted by the Holy Ghost. And, although this sermon was not precisely equal to one I heard from him two years ago in Tennessee, yet it was far above the ordinary; and the celebrated pulpit orator gave fresh evidence to his old friends and admirers that he still possessed "the action and the utterance and the power of speech," as well as the influences of the Spirit, "to stir men's blood." The trustees of the Church have asked for and obtained a copy of this sermon for publication. It will appear in a small volume prepared by the writer, and entitled: "A Memorial of the Methodist Church in the City of St. Louis." After the sermon a sufficient collection was taken, and after the collection the dedicatory services were performed, and prayer offered in the most solemn and impressive manner.

The services in the afternoon were conducted by the pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. William R. Babcock and Rev. George Copway, the Indian chief. The large audience-room was well filled during this

service. The preacher's text was Romans xii. 5: "So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." His subject was "Unity with Variety in the Church of God." The trustees of the Church have also requested a copy of this sermon for publication. It has been furnished, and will appear with Dr. Parsons's sermon in the "Memorial."

The dedication Sabbath being the last day of the year, its closing hours were improved, after our good old Methodist custom, as a watch-night. The evening was as calm and beautiful "as ever star shone on." At nine o'clock the house was filled from pulpit to pavement. All the Methodist Churches in the city were represented in the assembly. The usual Sabbath-evening services having been performed in the various Protestant Churches, their members came in companies. About half-past nine I noticed the anointed heads of more than a dozen neighboring clergymen peering up amidst the throng. When the house was filled to its utmost capacity the people who could gain no admittance left by scores and hundreds. And now all was still. The serene congregation of the stars was shining and watching and worshiping above; while we were singing and listening and watching and worshiping below. The old year was folding

His weary wing upon his withered heart,

while the new year, with outspread pinions, was sweeping onward to us

With health gushing from a thousand springs

Dr. Parsons preached another powerful sermon to an audience wide awake and deeply impressed, and "continued his speech until midnight"—*nearly*. If I were to speak of the divisions of this sermon, I should say they had roots; of its delivery, I should say, there were peaks and gorges; of its spirit, exceedingly charitable; of its matter, decidedly orthodox. After a song and a prayer Copway stood in the altar and delivered a farewell address to the dying year almost as beautiful and eloquent as Erwin's. We sung "Renewing the Covenant," and were led in prayer by Rev. Wesley Browning; after which we wished each other "A Happy New-year!" as the vast throng was departing. Thus passed our dedication-day, one of the highest in the eventful life of Dr. Parsons; thus passed the last day and the last Sabbath of 1854—a day of religious instruction, improvement, and joy.

I had heard Dr. Parsons preach twice before his late visit to St. Louis. He went to Nashville, Tenn., in the fall of 1853, to dedicate Hobson's Chapel, in the beautiful suburb of Edgefield. One-fourth of the members of the Tennessee Conference were present, besides a large congregation. The brethren were on their way to Franklin to attend the session of their Annual Conference, and, attracted by the fame of this *facile princeps* of the Louisville pulpit, Edgefield was exactly in their road. His text on this occasion was Psalm xx. 5: "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and

in the name of our God we will set up our banners." To be a Christian preacher and sustain what Gilfillan calls "a traditional reputation" is the next thing to an impossibility. But on that day Dr. Parsons pierced the highest heaven of oratory possible to him; and brethren who came with high opinions left with religious admiration; brethren who came to be cool spectators left all aglow with enthusiasm; brethren who came to criticise saw the icy rules which they had set up thawed down by warm tears; and, what is not worst of all, some who came to give twenty-five cents, sooth to say, gave about twenty-five dollars. "He is the most eloquent man who gains his point."

There are many men of reputation we are satisfied to hear no more when we have listened to them once. As an instance, I went to hear Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., deliver the opening sermon before the Presbyterian General Assembly yesterday morning. The sermon was good enough. I am satisfied. If the "Committee on Religious Exercises" should not read him out for our pulpit next Sunday forenoon, I shall not complain. But those who hear Dr. Parsons once are willing and anxious to hear him again. It was difficult for the presiding elder to secure the services of a preacher for the chapel in the evening, such was the anxiety of all to follow him to Nashville and hear him again. And we did follow him, and formed a part of one of the largest audiences that ever assembled in the McKendree Church. The voice of the

preacher was hoarser and his delivery less rapid and thrilling than in the morning, but his matter far more solid, and his *acting* somewhat more suitable to the pulpit. It was said at the time that all the players on the Nashville stage were present, and on retiring pronounced it the finest sermon they had heard for a long time. And I doubt not it was the best sermon, and the only sermon, *they* had heard for many months—perhaps years.

The friends of Dr. Parsons do not claim for him a profound mind. He does not belong to the Edwards or Wesley or Foster school of intellect. Neither do they claim for him extensive or correct scholarship. His name is not on the roll where the names of Clarke and Professor Stuart and Dr. Alexander are written. But they assert his claims to talents and learning above the ordinary. He is converted. He is called of God to preach the gospel. He is a Methodist. He is an affectionate and laborious pastor. He is accessible and communicative—*he is no owl.* He is a hard student and the peerless pulpit orator of the West. These are some of the reasons why Dr. Parsons stands so firmly, and is so solidly popular among the members of his own congregations, and with the people and preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

I have said that he is accessible and communicative. So was Paul. Hear him, ye self-withdrawn domesticators of dignity: "For though I be free from

all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. And unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law (being not without law to God, but under the law to Christ), that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. And this I do for the gospel's sake, that I may be partaker thereof with you." No matter in whose presence Paul stood, whether the keeper of a jail, a soldier on guard, or a governor, king, or emperor, his uppermost desire was to save that man's soul. He could relax his dignity, and labor for the conversion of the weak as well as of the mighty—an act of condescension some semi-celebrities whom I know would at least *hesitate* to perform. Neither did he go through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus, with a flail, crushing and trampling down all opposition, provoking wrath, and stirring up to the utmost every malignant passion, rasping and lacerating feeling, having no part or lot in human infirmity. Because the gospel detects prejudice it is a sad mistake to infer that it was designed to excite and provoke prejudice. When our Lord told his disciples that the effect of his gospel would be to send swords rather than peace among the relationships of life, he spoke

of an effect incidental, and not designed. He also instructed his disciples to be wise as serpents *and harmless as doves.* That man has not yet learned the first lesson of nature or grace who hopes to save the souls of any in his family or neighborhood or walks of usefulness, without considering the age, circumstances, education, and characters of those whom he seeks to approach and address. He must become "all things to all men." If he would save a child, he must become a child. How absurd to give a babe strong meat, or to feed Christ's little lambs in racks so high that nothing but a giraffe can reach them! It is an ingenious art of the devil to push a man on in an opinionated, self-willed, cast-iron, impudent, and headstrong way, and then misname this *Christian fidelity.* Better is it to be studious of occasions; to speak a word in season; to be fruitful in expedients; to be expert in means, that by all means we may save some. On the subject of religion Paul was communicative to the last degree and down to the minutest details. Bear witness every one of his Epistles. Following at a humble distance, so is Dr. Parsons.

Dr. Parsons is a native of one of the New England States. His childhood and youth were spent in the State of New York. His riper years have been passed mostly in Kentucky. He selected the dramatic profession about the age of eighteen, and left it at thirty-three. All agreed that he was a great actor; many thought him a "star." I have heard it asserted that he

was superior to Forrest. The religious impression which led to his conversion was received, I have been told, while listening to a sermon from one of the stated pastors in Pittsburg. This impression was renewed in the midst of a revival of religion in Louisville, where he professed religion and joined the Methodist Church. In a few months he was licensed to preach the gospel of Christ; and shortly thereafter was admitted on trial as a traveling preacher in the Kentucky Conference that was. Since then he has been laboring on circuits, stations, and districts within the State of Kentucky, excepting four years. Two of these were spent in Fourth Street Church, St. Louis, and two in Soule Chapel, Cincinnati. Of Dr. Parsons as a circuit-preacher I know nothing. In a station he looks after every interest of the Church, and sustains and increases his congregation to the last. He is patient in the pastoral work, and adroit in the work of a revival. On a district his laboriousness, his large knowledge of affairs, his capacity for details, and, let it not be omitted, Christian politeness, rendered him a capital executive officer. Unlike some quarterly meetings that I have witnessed, Dr. Parsons's were occasions of great spiritual interest. It is also said that he knew the proper *family* names of all the preachers in his district; and being blessed with such a memory, did not fall into that common practice—too sweet to be wholesome—of calling them by their familiar Christian names. Dr. Parsons

spent, in connection with his ministerial duties, three or four years in the *sanctum*, as associate editor of one of our Church papers. He did not make his *paper* a *news*paper. Dr. Parsons has a large frame as well as a large fame—a fortune as well as a family. "May his shadow never grow less!"

St. Louis, 1855.

XXVI. REV. ALEX. R. ERWIN, D.D.

THE FAITHFUL PREACHER.

SOME warm day in June or July many readers of the *Home Circle* will take it up and look for an easy article. This is one; suppose you stop here.

Fourteen years ago, lacking a few months, I rode into Nashville on horseback, and stopped at the Sewanee House. I got on my horse the next day, and rode deliberately "all over the town." An East Tennessee boy, taking three meals a day at the Sewanee and opening his eyes on the wonders of Nashville, was prepared to write home to his mother a letter as full of the marvelous as a Christmas pudding is of plums.

I think of this period of my life as the time when I made the acquaintance of Rev. A. R. Erwin, and heard him preach. One evening I went to McKendree Church. It was very full of people. The pulpit was occupied by a young man—tall, lean, swarthy—with black hair and a brilliant eye. This frame was deposited in loose black garments, and its utterances were firm. The sermon was short, perspicuous, practical, and abounded in passages of pathos and eloquence. All agreed, I believe, that it was the best sermon delivered during that session of the Conference. He was the only preacher of genuine cultiva-

tion and great pulpit power I had ever heard, excepting two or three. This young man was A. R. Erwin, who afterward became one of the dearest and most intimate friends I have ever known. He wrote to me regularly and constantly for fourteen years. His last letter, written just before his death, covers three pages, and concludes: "God bless you forever, dear brother."

Dr. Erwin was a quick man, remarkably so. Once, in 1847, he came to see me. He read the livelong night on the boat, and reached the village in time for breakfast. Immediately afterward he went to bed, and slept like a log. The first bell rang for church, and I aroused him. He got up, washed, dressed, and prayed. The second bell rang. He put his fingers into his pocket, and took out a scrap of paper crumpled after the fashion of a bank-bill in the hands of a railroad conductor, and quietly remarked: "Wait a moment. I must look over my sermon."

In less than five minutes he was before a strange audience, and that day seemed to preach better than usual.

Dinner over, he went to sleep again; slept three hours; arose; took up the *Ladies' Repository;* read aloud until supper (and he read beautifully); then went into the pulpit, and preached with fluency and power. The morning sermon was a masterly argument against Unitarianism; the evening discourse poured the oil of consolation into the soul of the tempted believer.

In 1848 we were at a temperance supper in Clarksville, Tenn. After supper the regular speech was delivered, and a banner was presented and received. Some admirer called out, "Erwin!" Forthwith more than a hundred voices shouted for Erwin. He walked out on the platform and made an address to the banner. It was twenty minutes long and remarkable for correctness of composition, beauty, and brilliancy. He informed me afterward that it was wholly impromptu.

The citizens of Athens, Ala., will testify that he gave them a sermon once on short notice. A young brother had thoughtlessly consented to fill the pulpit at an hour when Dr. Wadsworth was expected to do so. After performing the opening service, he surveyed the crowd. There were present about two hundred preachers and four hundred people. Something akin to pride whispered:

Fain would I climb,
Yet I fear to fall.

Something akin to prudence answered:

If thy heart fail thee,
Climb not at all.

So he walked down from the pulpit—*Egomet.* Rev. F. P. Scruggs knew the man for this emergency; so he looked over the pulpit and called the name of Brother Erwin. In less than one minute Erwin had read his text and was preaching.

He studied, read, sermonized, and wrote irregularly,

but rapidly. That is to say, he was no machine. If he was greatly absorbed, he studied late at night. Then if he wanted to sleep in the day-time, he slept —sometimes long and deep. The dullest man I ever saw arose at four in the morning. Then he would nod until daylight. Some one would persuade him to lie down again. His invariable reply was: "Mr. Wesley rose at four." At ten o'clock my stupid friend would retire. After lying awake for an hour, some one would ask him to get up. "Mr. Wesley always retired at ten."

Dr. Erwin read books—read them through, and re-read them, provided they were interesting and profitable; if not, he threw them to the top shelf, and went at something else. He was fond of magazines also, and read them by the bushel.

He was an extensive sermonizer, but only made sermons as he needed them. He would take a half-sheet of small paper, fill it with notes, fold it up, and put it in his vest-pocket. During the week he would refer to it, read it over, think about it, throw the notes away, and know the sermon ever afterward.

He wrote sketches, addresses, and edited a monthly magazine one year. Aside from these he wrote for the press occasionally—sometimes prose, sometimes poetry. The pages of the *Home Circle*, *Christian Advocate*, and *Sunday-school Visitor* furnish specimens of his poetry.

Dr. Erwin's talent for the pastoral work and for the

secular business of life, I think, was only moderate; but his ability to manage your heart has seldom been equaled. He was a genuine lover of mankind. He knew you once, and he knew you always. Whether you were land-owner or brain-owner, he knew you. His cordial greeting was not, like that of the demagogue, acquired after years of hard smiling, but the spontaneous expressions of a loving heart. He would counsel with you by the hour, and could tell you all your faults without giving offense. You could talk to him or write to him in confidence without any thought of betrayal. I never knew a word of evil to fall from his lips. Your character was safe with him, and you felt it.

As a preacher he was all you desired; would visit you, exchange pulpits with you, preach when you asked him, and stand by you in a revival as long as he could. He talked well, read well, sung well, and prayed like a child of God. He was a man of good Christian fellowship, hardly surpassed once in a century. I never met but one person who was tired of his preaching. His sermons were so clear and compact, so pathetical and practical, that all men of sense or sensibility were profited by them.

Dr. Erwin had long ago proclaimed the bans of matrimony for religion and literature. He read the Bible and he read French; delighted in theology and books of travel; was fond of prayer and poetry; could teach as well as preach; could lay down the telescope

and take up an infant's catechism, and turn from viewing the spangled heavens to the worship of the Babe of Bethlehem. The great Creator put more stuff into the making of this man than he does ordinarily, and the annals of Methodism will take care of his reputation.

Dr. Erwin was born in Louisiana, the son of a teacher and Baptist preacher, January 12, 1820. He completed his academic studies at Lebanon, Tenn., and married early in life. He entered the ministry about the age of twenty, spent his professional life within the Tennessee Conference, and died in Huntsville, Ala., January 10, 1860. I contribute this evening's writing to the sacred fame of him who longed to spend the fortieth anniversary of his birthday in heaven.

A brother so saintly, an educator so successful, a preacher so eloquent should be extensively known in our Church. He was prominent in the sessions of Annual and General Conferences, and I take it for granted that our good Book Agent will make his shining face prominent in our *Home Circle* or *Quarterly Review*. Thousands of loving eyes will rest upon it, and the sight will move thousands of loving hearts.

Lexington, Mo., 1860.

XXVII. REV. D. R. McANALLY, D.D.

EDITOR AND AUTHOR.

DR. McANALLY belongs to an ancient Scotch family. His branch of it came to the United States more than two hundred years ago. The grandfather on the paternal side was a member of the Church of England until after the Revolution; then he became a Methodist. His father was a local preacher, a man of strong intellect and fervent piety. In his younger days he was for twelve consecutive years sheriff of his county. After this he was elected justice of the peace and surveyor to the county. His grandfather on the maternal side was also a local preacher—all Virginians.

Dr. McAnally was born in Grainger County, Tenn., February 17, 1810, and was baptized into the Methodist Church. There he has remained ever since. He was admitted to full fellowship in his thirteenth year, embraced religion in his sixteenth, and was licensed to preach the gospel at nineteen. He entered the traveling connection in the Holston Conference in December, 1829. By reference to the Minutes I find him on circuits, stations, or districts for fourteen years. In 1843 he was elected to the presidency of the East Tennessee Female Institute at Knoxville,

which place he filled until his transfer to St. Louis in 1851.

Dr. McAnally has been well educated. At five years of age he entered an excellent country school, where he remained until he was eleven. Then he was placed in a classical school at Rutledge, Tenn., where he remained five years more, under such teachers as the lamented Barton and General T. D. Knight.

Since his residence in St. Louis this distinguished editor and author has performed an immense amount of work. "Life is real, life is earnest," with him. First, as a student. There are certain American and foreign magazines and reviews of the highest grade, which he reads as regularly and thoroughly as any literary farmer enjoying a country solitude. New books, intended for any department of the "Course of Study," are examined and read by him with as much interest and care as if he were at the head of a university. Indeed, his previous acquaintance with school-books makes it an easy matter for him to examine an ordinary treatise in one day. He has been a theological student all his life, and keeps up his studies now with a regularity which is absolutely surprising; reading the Bible, the Commentaries, the Institutes, the Bodies of Divinity—old standard works—through and through between stated periods of time. The Doctor always has a book along. For example, he goes to Brunswick to an Annual Conference, attends to the interests of the *Advocate* and *Depository*, speaks, exhorts,

preaches, and gives "Bledsoe's Theodicy" a searching perusal. He has read civil and ecclesiastical law with great care; and in the latter his opinion, with me, is golden. Current literature, especially Methodist, receives his attention, as the columns of his paper show. And bear witness he never writes a "book notice" which he has to take back "on furthur examination"—not he. I expect him to read this book carefully, tell the public exactly what he thinks of it, and then stick to his opinion until "reason reels." Withal, I think he has read a due share of novels and politics. Secondly, as an editor. Dr. McAnally has edited the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* for ten years; was elected first by its Publishing Committee, then by the General Conference of 1854, then re-elected by the same body in 1858. He took it when it had no capital, but few exchanges, and a small subscription-list; and by the assistance of the traveling preachers has run it up to a circulation of nearly ten thousand. At first he worked on a small salary, not promptly paid; and, besides filling its columns, assisted in pressing it, mailing it, and keeping its accounts. Now he is relieved from every department except the editorial. But what wonderful industry is manifested, especially on "the inside!" I frequently see from five to ten columns of editorial—not so polished as Carnes's or so pithy as Dr. McTyeire's or so æsthetic as Gillespie's or so classical as Dr. Myers's or so profound as Dr. Rosser's, but like his own description of a

Western Virginia dance—*strong*. From the moment you lift his paper before your eyes you can not resist him. He calls for your intellect and heart. The *St. Louis Christian Advocate* is almost the only Methodist paper that circulates in Missouri and Kansas. "It is not newsy enough" is the only objection urged against it. Its "Commercial Report" or "Weekly Review of the St. Louis Market" makes it the most popular farmers' paper issued in the West. Often, while traveling along those "borders of civilization," have I been delighted at seeing the brown-faced planter wreathed in smiles or his brow knit with thought as his eyes ran up and down the columns of his Church paper. Others there are "beyond the river" who could edit a Church paper and manage its affairs; but perhaps none so well or so successfully as Dr. McAnally. Thirdly, as an author. Since his residence in the West the Doctor has written and published several books. "Martha Laurens Ramsey" is a small and well-written biography of a pious and distinguished South Carolina lady. It was published by the house of Morton & Griswold, Louisville, and ought to take rank along with "Mrs. Fletcher," "Hester Ann Rogers," and "A Mother's Portrait." Next, "The Life and Times of Rev. William Patton," published at the Book Depository of St. Louis, showing an appreciation of a good and faithful man, and a knowledge of the origin, rise, and progress of Methodism in Missouri, in its minutest details. Then came "The Life

and Times of Rev. Samuel Patton, D.D.," published at the same establishment, and designed to perpetuate the memory of the early champion of our Church in East Tennessee. Dr. Patton was a man of singular piety, talents, and power; all of which are made to appear on the pages of this charming biography. Meantime, Dr. McAnally has published one or two separate sermons, a controversial tract or two, a hymn-book, a Sunday-school Manual, etc.; each of which obtained a wide circulation. Fourthly, as a preacher. During all this time, with the exception perhaps of a year or two, Dr. McAnally has been a regularly-appointed preacher in charge of Centenary Church, St. Louis City Circuit, Sixteenth Street Church, and Carondelet. He has been spoken of for presiding elder of the St. Louis District, and is now Superintendent of German Missions. As a preacher he stands in the front rank. Sometimes he writes his sermons and reads them; sometimes makes full notes and uses them; but generally he is like old Dr. Coxe, "just holds forth," and when *he* holds forth he is like Paul "*holding forth the word of life.*" His sermons have body and soul, and are delivered with power. He preached in Knoxville, Tenn., eight or ten years. They say he always had something new. Senator Polk has heard him for years; says he has the richest variety of any preacher in the West. All of which "I steadfastly believe." As an orator the Doctor must consent to take second rank. He has but little

imagination, and no fancy. Fifthly, as a business man. See him commence, about eight years ago, in a little class-room in Centenary Church, with a few books, and from that small beginning build up the splendid establishment that now lifts its front on Pine Street. He now retails, wholesales, manufactures, publishes; and has never had an assistant agent. Furthermore I am inclined to think the Doctor himself went to St. Louis in moderate circumstances, but now lives in comparative affluence. Finally, Dr. McAnally is a true man. You may always know where to find him. If you are wrong and corrupt, he differs with you and dislikes you; no interest can buy him over. If you are right and worthy, he defends you and loves you; no interest can buy him off. Can this be said of all the black-coats in the West? He dislikes lazy men and ladies' men, stingy men and pretenders; but loves a working-man, a family man, a liberal man, and a whole man. He has a good, a great, and a true heart, whose sincerity would challenge the admiration of a committee of angels.

Lexington, Mo., 1860.

XXVIII. REV. CHAS. TAYLOR, M.D.

THE RETURNED MISSIONARY.

CHARLES TAYLOR is a native of Boston, Mass., born about thirty-six years ago. His father is a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and superintended the early education of his son, in his own academy, in the interior of New York. At the age of fifteen Charles Taylor walked to New York City, three hundred miles distant, and became a clerk in a dry-goods store. A few months after this his employer and himself professed religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was while he was selling goods in this establishment that he delivered the speech at an anniversary missionary meeting of the Duane Street Sunday-school, which called forth from our sagacious Bishop Andrew this remark: "The little fellow who made that speech will be a Methodist preacher some of these days."

Charles Taylor left the store and went to his father's in 1836, where he spent the summer reviewing his studies. In the fall his father, a man in very moderate circumstances, paid his expenses back to the city, when he entered the University of New York without a cent. Four years after this, at the annual Commencement of 1840, with a healthy body and

a stout heart, he graduated, carrying off the first honors of the University. But between these periods, what loneliness in that little attic-room on Spring Street! what chilliness on that scanty cot-bed! what shivering under light blankets, covered with snow, driven through a broken window! what livelong nights spent in constant writing in gloomy printing-offices! what emptiness produced by hunger and loss of sleep! what prayers went up to heaven while watching the premises of the University "at dead of night!" what brave studying! what perfect reciting! what pleasant vacations spent at home and in the country.

The story is an interesting one, by far the most interesting of the kind I have ever heard, but time fails me to tell much more. Let it suffice that at the end of two years he sustained the first grade in all his studies, had paid his own way without incurring a shilling's debt, and had a small surplus to put under his dear old mother's plate the first time they all sat down to dine together after his arrival home. At the close of the fourth year he came out of the University slightly in debt for boarding, a bill which he soon paid off "to the uttermost farthing."

Soon after his graduation Charles Taylor went to Charleston, S. C., and became a teacher. His salary here soon enabled him to "square himself" with the world, and make frequent and handsome remittances to his parents. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord

thy God giveth thee." At the session of the South Carolina Conference held at Columbia in December, 1844, he was admitted on trial into the traveling connection in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Bishop Andrew was present, and no doubt called to mind the prediction he had made ten years before in the city of New York. Camden Station was Brother Taylor's second appointment. Here, in addition to his studies and labors as a preacher and pastor, he read medicine under the direction and tuition of the eminent Dr. George Reynolds. Having determined on a foreign mission, he repaired to the Philadelphia College of Medicine, Dr. James McClintock, President. Here he took his medical diploma with distinction in March, 1848.

Actually, Dr. Taylor must acknowledge that he is a "fast man." He received his M.D. in the city of Philadelphia; married Miss Gamewell in the State of South Carolina; was ordained elder by Bishop Andrew, at a special meeting in Norfolk, Va.; and sailed from Boston, Mass., for Shanghai, China, all in less than two months, in the spring of 1848. Let consecrated stupidity behold him, unfold its hands, elevate its head, cease to whine, and go to work.

Dr. Taylor has performed one of the most heroic journeys known in the history of missionary enterprise. Before Shanghai had fallen into the hands of the insurgents he set his heart upon penetrating as far as the insurgent's camp at Chin-kiang-foo, in order

to ascertain what were the real sentiments of the invaders in reference to Christianity, and what would be the result as to Christian Missions should they finally triumph. This was a bold and dangerous project, for the city was besieged by the Imperialists, both by land and water; and even if he succeeded in evading their vigilance, he knew not what reception he might expect at the hands of the insurgents. But he resolved to make the attempt, and God prospered him and preserved him in safety.

As a specimen of Dr. Taylor's style as a talker, I take the liberty to present a small portion of his thrilling description of this adventure. "On my way," he says, "as I passed along I frequently heard the sound of people chanting; and inquiring of my attendants the meaning of these sounds, I was told that the people were worshiping God, and that it was the hour of morning worship. As I passed through the streets I saw idols thrown down in all directions, and I was frequently saluted by the term 'brother.' This was perfectly new, for at Canton the appellation is 'foreign devil,' and while walking in the suburbs you will hear this perhaps a hundred times. I at last arrived at the head-quarters; and after passing through a number of gate-ways, on either side of which were curtains of yellow silk, and a great deal of embroidered drapery of various kinds, for a distance of upward of three or four hundred yards from the street, I came at last to the inner recess, and there I was re-

quested to sit. Again I was interrogated as to my object, but I said I must communicate with the chief. Presently he made his appearance, but owing to the simplicity of his dress I doubted for some time whether he was the chief. In order to remove my doubts he took his seat in the middle of the hall, and his attendants arrayed him in his robes. And when I was persuaded he was the man, I opened my carpet-bag, spread before him the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and some tracts, and told him the object of my visit, which was to give him a complete knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity. He seemed grateful for the books, and entertained me hospitably. The hour for breakfast was approaching, and they had morning prayer before breakfast. He and his attendants were seated in a large hall, on cushioned chairs. One individual read a portion of Scripture, and then they chanted some hymns, which the leader probably had composed. At the close of these hymns I noticed that they chanted a literal translation of the Doxology. After this they all took their cushions, placed them on the pavement, kneeled on them, closing their eyes and lifting up their faces toward heaven, while the secretary of the chief read a prayer. At the close of this we proceeded to breakfast in the adjoining hall. As a guest it would have been etiquette to have commenced with my 'chopsticks' first; but I waited, thinking they would ask a blessing. This I told them; when they informed me that it was

their custom, but it had been included in the previous prayer. I explained to them that it was not exactly our course, and asked to be allowed to do so, which they requested me to do, and I did it accordingly in Chinese."

Dr. Taylor became fully acquainted with the military resources and ability of the insurgent army, and entertained at the time a strong conviction of their ultimate success. He said: "I ascertained that these people were sincere worshipers of the one true God; that they had sworn the extermination of idolatry in every form; that they were exceedingly friendly to foreigners; and expressed themselves desirous of becoming more instructed in Christianity, only the difficulties at present were so great that they thought I had better wait for some months. This movement has for its object the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, and the establishment of the old Chinese government. Therefore it is strictly a patriotic movement; and we are in the habit, in China, rather of calling them 'patriots' than 'insurgents.'"

Many of us have changed our views somewhat of the character of the Chinese revolutionists and their leader since Dr. Taylor wrote the paragraphs above. We think Christianity has not quite as much to hope from the Chinese revolution as it had a few years ago. We shall rejoice greatly if the future develops that we are wrong in this opinion. If Dr. Taylor has modified his views materially, and my readers are

anxious to know in what respect, they are referred to two or three interesting articles which appeared during the year in the *Southern Christian Advocate.*

In consequence of the prostrate condition of his wife's health Dr. Taylor has spent the last two years in the United States. He employs himself in itinerating through the Southern States creating much sympathy and interest for China, lifting collections for the support of our brethren at Shanghai, attending the annual Commencements and literary festivals of our colleges, and writing articles for the weekly and monthly publications of the Church and country. His contributions are generally made up of notes of travel, written in a rather fresh style, occupying about middle ground between the careless and the classical.

The personal appearance of Dr. Taylor indicates that the sturdy little man might have accomplished just what he actually has accomplished. He has a large head, not quite covered with unkept "foxy" hair; a round face, lit up with steady, bright eyes, that seem to look "right on;" a speaking mouth—that is, a mouth that can speak and does speak a great deal, to the point too. "Truth is no eloquence without words; eloquence is not wisdom laid up in the mind, but wisdom in action." His voice is well toned, but not sufficiently animated. In social conversation he is too rapid, in public speech too slow. His body is built for strength and incredible endurance; and there is a sort of dare-any-thing-ism in his tread.

I met with Dr. Taylor last April, in Nashville, Tenn.; had him under my observation in the railroad depot; in the Methodist Publishing House, where he was sauntering around like a separate existence; at the sumptuous dining which William R. Elliston gave the Bishops and others; at the tea-party which Mrs. Dr. Huston gave to the "press-gang," and others more or less noticeable; at the McKendree Church; in the Missionary Board; and on the platform; and, as Dr. Wightman has said; "He is one of the noblest developments of self-sustaining energy and patient perseverance which has ever come under my observation. And I am persuaded that no young man, struggling with difficulties, bent on acquiring an education, resolved to be something and do something which shall lead to usefulness and influence in the world, can study a more worthy lesson than Dr. Taylor furnishes."

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

St. Louis, 1855.

XXIX. HON. JORDAN STOKES.

THE SUCCESSFUL PLEADER.

J. M. JULIEN asked me not long since, "Who is this Colonel Stokes, of Tennessee? He seems to be the incarnation of eloquence, the orator of that crowd." My friend Julien had been reading of the demonstrations in Louisville and Columbus, in honor of the Legislatures of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. The Tennessee Legislature had gone over to Louisville, where they had been joined by the Kentucky Legislature, and where Colonel Stokes made a speech so marvelously eloquent as to astonish even the veterans of the platform. Both bodies proceeded to Columbus, Ohio, where Colonel Stokes grew so eloquent again that the reporters were charmed into forgetfulness of duty. I quote from the published account: "*The pioneers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio—a band of brothers, brave, honest, and noble. May their descendants emulate their virtues!* The response to this by Hon. Jordan Stokes, of Tennessee, was so eloquent in its terms that we have to regret that no report of it was made or can be obtained. It was a most stirring appeal in behalf of the Union, declaring the fidelity of Tennessee to the Constitution and to the union of the people in one common national brotherhood."

again in 1860 as a member of the Senate. He was also a member of the Baltimore Convention that nominated John Bell for the Presidency.

Colonel Stokes has not sought Congressional honors. He might have been elected in 1853 easily, but refused to run. In a word, I should say he has no great taste for politics. He sees the whirlpool into which so many have been drawn who embarked upon this dangerous sea. A family man, so quiet, so intellectual, so fond of literature and law, and one so profoundly sensible of the value of religion, hesitates to venture upon its dark and stormy waters. I predict, however, that my serene friend will some day take his seat in the Senate of the United States, and, like Polk, of Missouri, exhibit the rare spectacle of a Christian statesman in the nineteenth century.

My observation has compelled me to think that, aside from law and politics, lawyers are not great students. I meet them on the promenade or on the drive too often. I see them surrounded by clumps of men, and thronging the rotundas and saloons of hotels too frequently. Lawyers don't study. But Colonel Stokes must be excepted. He is fond of the old sea-gods of literature. Plato and Bacon, Butler and Milton, Shakespeare and Bunyan rule his spirit from afar. Nor does he dislike Parnassus, when

> His nights are filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day
> Fold up their tents like Arabs,
> And as silently steal away.

Colonel Stokes has been eminently successful in his profession, not only securing a very large and lucrative practice, but attaining to the first rank as a lawyer. Law with him is the science of right, and he really loves the practice, so much so that a speech of his on a dry land-suit interested me as greatly as one of Dr. Baird's lectures on Europe. It is positively surprising to run your eye up and down the docket of the Circuit Court and see how often the name of Stokes appears. I lived in Lebanon once (1852–3), and though never fond of court-houses or courts, it was always convenient for me to be present when he argued a case. He pronounces well, composes well, discusses well, paints well, declaims well, pleads well, reaches the *fons lachrymarum* at a stroke, and in his loftiest moods, when he arrives at the white-heat of the peroration, he absolutely *owns* the jury.

Colonel Stokes was on the electoral ticket for Scott in 1852. I heard his last speech during this canvass the day before the election. He made the most of the matter he had on hand; praised the old General hugely. The day was raw and rainy, the crowd not very highly flushed with hope—"a hasty plate of soup" would have helped mightily; but the speaker elicited many rounds of hearty applause. The truth is, I never liked old "fuss and feathers" much, and I can not exactly write about this speech as I desire.

Colonel Stokes served in the Legislature in 1852, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and

again in 1860 as a member of the Senate. He was also a member of the Baltimore Convention that nominated John Bell for the Presidency.

Colonel Stokes has not sought Congressional honors. He might have been elected in 1853 easily, but refused to run. In a word, I should say he has no great taste for politics. He sees the whirlpool into which so many have been drawn who embarked upon this dangerous sea. A family man, so quiet, so intellectual, so fond of literature and law, and one so profoundly sensible of the value of religion, hesitates to venture upon its dark and stormy waters. I predict, however, that my serene friend will some day take his seat in the Senate of the United States, and, like Polk, of Missouri, exhibit the rare spectacle of a Christian statesman in the nineteenth century.

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> His nights are filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day
> Fold up their tents like Arabs,
> And as silently steal away.

Another Book there is to which he is no stranger—"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

St. Louis, 1860.

XXX. FATHER JOHN HERSEY.

THE WANDERING PREACHER.

IT is singular enough that your St. Louis correspondent failed to mention the name of the most noticeable of all the notables who attended the late session of our Conference. It would have been precisely like Marvin to have chronicled the fact of his visit, and recorded the impressions he made; for Marvin loves the righteous man, and holds him in everlasting remembrance. And Leftwich, too, an admirable sketcher, from whose table went much of the "copy" that made up the "Daily," did not add greatly to the sacred fame of the venerable preacher. But then Father Hersey came in so late, sat so far back, and demeaned himself so meekly and quietly that few would think of mentioning his name, except some one like myself looking up a "*character*." During the most interesting and exciting, and even *stormy*, periods of the debates that characterized our late session, the form and face of Father Hersey might have been seen far back from the Bishop, calm and serene, as if

> Not a wave of trouble rolled
> Across his peaceful breast.

I do not now call to mind that the wonderful old man

was even introduced to the Conference; presume he was asked, but refused.

Father Hersey is tall and lean, and has passed his threescore years and ten; clothes himself in tweed kerseymere, made up in the style of the eighteenth century, and tiles himself with a broad-brim. His hat and coat are without band, binding, or button. He told me that he was an ignorant old man, very ignorant; had but little education; had read scarcely any thing; knew nothing but what he had learned from the Bible, the Holy Spirit, and human nature. "Remarkable sources of information!" thought I. It was inferred from his conversation that he was a Virginian or Marylander; had been bred to the mercantile profession; had failed in early life for several thousand dollars; had seen "the vain pomp and glory of this world," and "renounced them all;" had never belonged to any Annual Conference; but had been "wandering around this world of care," preaching the pure gospel and paying off his debts. The last one was old, very old, but "the uttermost farthing" had been paid.

Father Hersey rises at four; attends to his ablutions and devotions; reads the Bible on his knees; preaches at five wherever he can get a congregation; breakfasts; spends the morning going "about doing good," letting his "light shine before men;" dines sparingly; sometimes preaches in the afternoon, sometimes at night. He is "a terror to evil-doers;" re-

proves men for talking, chewing, smoking, drinking, money-making, money-spending; for "all carnal desires of the flesh" and "all covetous desires of the same," and insisted that I ought to throw in my cane to the missionary treasury; reproves women for "softness and needless self-indulgence;" for "high heads, ruffles, and rings;" for want of humility, faith, good works, family government; so that the *placens uxor* exclaims: "He makes the road to heaven so narrow, I am afraid I never can walk therein." This is no fancy sketch. I visited in the family where he stopped, and heard him preach repeatedly at five o'clock.

Father Hersey meets his congregations promptly; does not read the lessons; sings a short hymn; offers a brief prayer of his own; omits the Lord's Prayer; announces a plain text; preaches a short sermon, remarkable for method and perspicuity, and filled with memorable sayings and aptest illustrations. I liked every thing he did and said, except when he intimated that his exposition of a chapter in the book of Revelation had been *revealed* to him by the Holy Spirit many years ago.

Father Hersey has been wandering around through the State of Missouri for several months; and when it was announced that he expected to attend our Conference and preach every morning at five the young preachers were delighted; but some of the graver elders thought there would be no congregations at that

hour. However, the preacher came to time, and the ample chapel of the First Church was well filled; and the precious treasures of that hour will be kept in the store-house of memory until the last light fades.

His text was: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." The next morning he preached from "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." The third from "I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth." Then again in the afternoon to parents "*On the training of children.*" Like all old bachelors, he deems that he understands this subject thoroughly and can emit floods of light thereon.

Father Hersey is singularly unselfish. He tells the people wherever he goes that he does not preach for money; that he does not want any money; that the people give him more money and clothes than he needs. Now,

> Ye diff'rent sects, who all declare,
> Lo! Christ is here, or Christ is there,

show us another man traveling over the country and talking in that style.

He preaches frequently about clothes. A humorous Old Virginia preacher says: "His mission to the Africans was a failure for this reason: The congregations drew up to him almost in a state of nudity, and

Father Hersey (having never preached about any thing but clothes) had nothing to say, and finally came home." This is all pleasantry, for the old man is a good sermonizer and a deeply-spiritual preacher. He is coming South this winter, and is hereby cordially invited to visit us.

Lebanon, Tenn., 1860.

XXXI. REV. THOMAS HARRISON.

THE "BOY PREACHER."

REV. THOMAS HARRISON, the "boy preacher," is in Louisville. I met him twice—once at dinner, again at supper. He was born in Boston; is thirty-two years old, five feet and five inches in height, and weighs one hundred and sixteen pounds. He parts his hair in the middle, shaves clean, and wears his coat "all buttoned to the chin." In the parlor he is nervous; has a restless eye; chops his words, and talks by fits and starts. Brother Harrison has great reputation as a revivalist; is invited from city to city, where committees, carriages, homes, and immense congregations await him. So it has been for sixteen years. He holds four services a day for six weeks at a stretch, and seems never to be tired. If ever *any* evangelist is worth one hundred dollars a week, it is he.

Talk of Maffitt! His manner in the pulpit was *repose* itself compared to Harrison's. He stamps his foot; claps his hands; keeps time; walks all over the pulpit; runs all over the altar; leaps the railing; darts into the congregation; stands on the seats, and holds forth everywhere, everyhow, everywhen. He reads, sings, prays, takes up collections, exhorts, tells

his experience, and is anecdotal withal. Nor does he omit to make the *usual* interesting allusions to himself and his achievements. His list of regular communicants in the Church who have died and gone to perdition is a long one, and is terribly alarming.

Well, wherein lies his power? He is converted himself, and knows how to tell the way. He has pluck before men and power with God in prayer. He is furiously in earnest, and the Holy Spirit chooses to accompany his words to human hearts. He has been toiling terribly in the vineyard of the Lord from childhood, and God has owned and crowned his labors with the conversion of thousands. I heard him preach no regular sermon, as we do with a text at the top, but "many things in his exhortation preached he unto the people." He calls the serious forward to the altar for instruction and prayers. He believes that of all methods this is the best, *and he is right.* I predict that there will be hundreds of converts before this letter is published. The preachers and people attend in great numbers. The singing is grand, the helpers are abundant, and their prayers indicate a present and powerful faith. May the harvest be great!

Brother Harrison seems to take great interest in Rev. Sam Jones; asked me several questions. Of course I grew somewhat luminous on "our Sam," and wound up with what I knew of the Knoxville meeting. He had not heard of any thing like it.

There being no room in Walnut Street Church for

hundreds of us on Sunday night, Mr. Cochran and I went to hear Dr. Willits in Broadway Tabernacle, thence leaving for Nashville on the first train after midnight.

Louisville, 1885.

XXXII. REV. JOHN HENRY YOUNG.

MY BELOVED BROTHER.

HE was born January 13, 1822, near Campbell's Station, East Tennessee; and departed to paradise from Marion, Crittenden County, Ky. He remained here nearly thirty-eight years; was my brother, and some years older than I.

Delicacy and disease were the companions of his life. In infancy and childhood he struggled for a mere existence. I recall the days of his boyhood, as he grew up slim and pale, timid and silent, fond of solitude and curious old books. I do not remember that I ever saw him play. The only noticeable sin was excess of temper.

Under conviction from the first dawning of reason, he yielded all his leisure moments to devotion and the study of the Scriptures. He attached himself to the Church early in life, and for years lived self-withdrawn and remote from society as possible—so much so that after days, and even weeks, devoted to his books and prayers he sometimes startled us all by symptoms of mental aberration. Though brought up in the country, he never discovered the slightest disposition for farming or financiering. These matters were intrusted to his younger brother.

But he was fond of learning—solid school-book learning; especially the Latin classics, which he read with astonishing ease for one of his years. He composed in Latin, but always composed prayers, never speeches. I remember well how he used to take me to some of those lonely places he frequented, and read to me his solemn Latin prayers, then translate. My brother could never be induced to enter any school or college of reputation; but relied exclusively on private instruction. Some of his instructors were men of finished scholarship. I mention the name of one, Jeremiah Moore, a graduate of the old Greenville College.

The books he read had stood the test of centuries. "Flavius Josephus," "Plutarch's Lives," "Seneca's Morals," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and, above all, the Bible. If I were to write how much and how often he read these books I should not expect to be believed. His nearest approach to modern or fashionable literature was seen in his familiarity with "Dick's Works," "Chalmers's Sermons," "Hervey's Meditations," and the "British Spy." If you found a book in his pocket, it was either a miniature Lexicon or "Hervey's Meditations." He read but little poetry, wrote a great deal, and published none. His single contribution to periodical literature may be seen in one of the early numbers of the *Southern Lady's Companion*—"Arabella Johnson."

I quote from one of his latest letters: "The Bible and Seneca are my guides in conjunction with reason and conscience. The devil inspired Dean Swift, Swedenborg, De Foe, and the author of 'Arabian Nights' to write their books. All fiction I hate, and the fashionable literature of the day. I serve God because I ought, and hate the devil because he is wicked. Jesus Christ is my *Lignum Vitæ*, and his word is my *Magna Charta*."

At the age of thirteen my brother entered the Baptist Church, in which he spent five years—restless, gloomy years, brightened occasionally by rays of religious enjoyment. At the age of eighteen, though an "official" in the Church, he determined to commune with the rest of the family. So he quietly withdrew from the Baptist and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the age of twenty he entered the ministry, and was happier. In the Holston Conference he spent a few years, growing in grace and usefulness, becoming wiser and better and happier still. During this time he became an author withal. He wrote and published a book on the "Authenticity, Genuineness, etc., of the Holy Scriptures." There are in this unpretending volume evidences of extensive reading, many words set in the strong mortar of logic, and passages of surpassing pathos and eloquence.

A visit to Illinois in company with a brother-in-law and a sojourn there for two or three years occu-

pied his time until he was about twenty-eight, and since then his home has been in Kentucky. He was a member of the Louisville Conference a few years, and has been local since. This last period was dark and troublous. It saddens me to think or write of it. Too much veneration for the men and opinions of pagan antiquity; too much respect for the utterances of the old religions of the East; too much love for German neology had well-nigh overshadowed him. The darkness became so deep and the night so cold that he only discerned the excellences of the Church "through a glass darkly," and his love for her ministry was greatly chilled. After reading his letters for the past two years I am compelled to make this candid admission.

But he never shipwrecked his faith in Jesus of Nazareth. In answer to one of my letters, contending as earnestly for the faith as I was capable of doing, and pleading for the very fringes of the tabernacle of Methodism, he holds the following language: "But you say, 'Pantheistic nonsense!' I say, 'Pantheistic good sense!' You say, 'A tissue of infidelity;' I say, 'A tissue of natural and revealed morality and religion.' But you are 'shocked.' Why, you answer me as if I were Julian the Apostate or Thomas Paine! All earthly tribunals are fallible—liable to err; they are partial; some are kingly, despotic. There is one great tribunal to which I am amenable; that is the tribunal of God on high. There I shall receive jus-

tice. I rejoice to know this. A wise man changes sometimes; but a fool never—he is always a fool. I am not the enemy of any man or any Church. I love to pray for my enemies and persecutors, like my adorable and crucified Saviour. I can still say

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to *thy* bosom fly.

Brother, I am for virtue, charity—universal benevolence. I love all good and hate all evil; am sincere in all I do. I love my mother and my family; I love my brother and my sisters; I love the burial-places of my father and my children; I love the angels of God in heaven; I love God *supremely*, and Jesus the *crucified*. I will preach him while living and praise him when dying, and in heaven sing him forever. May the God of Israel bless and sanctify you wholly!"

"Praise him when dying." So it was, thank Heaven! His young widow says to me in her last letter: "Your brother is dead. Died last Friday, November 25, 1859, at twelve o'clock M. He was sick fifteen days. He prayed the whole time of his sickness; died in his right mind and died happy in Christ Jesus. This is all that comforts me."

Milburn, in his "Chapters from an Autobiography," holds out a solemn warning to all nascent and speculative minds—enough to make them quite careful and prayerful—when they venture under the influence of certain great minds, especially great minds that have gone wrong. Here is another; and I men-

tion it for this self-same purpose. Let this stormy mental period of my brother's history alarm those who are declining from "the narrow way," or forsaking "the old paths." They may travel on right thoughtfully or right merrily along the "broad road," until they come to the ford of Jordan; then all such wish to come up to our fording-place. Occasionally these narrow-way travelers get startled by the cavils of skepticism, or feel scandalized by the ridicule of the openly vicious. But wait awhile. Then "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

My brother's earthly existence was silent, modest, and melancholy; he had no talent for making and surrounding himself with great or influential friends; never passed for more than half his real worth, I think. He loved the obscure and poor, and some of them loved him, and do now lament him. Causation, the mystery of existence, the badness of men, and want of friendship caused many a wave of trouble to roll across his now peaceful breast. He sleeps his final sleep; has fought his last battle with smoke and error and sin; his thoughtful eyes have closed upon this cold world, and his spirit summers in paradise. Kentucky has furnished a hospitable grave to the pale and solemn man, who itinerates no more. Twelve hundred people received into the Church by his hand will bless him forever. Let the people of Crittenden County treat his widow and babe tenderly.

Lexington, Mo., 1860.

XXXIII. REV. J. B. McFERRIN, D.D.

BOOK AGENT.

IT does not take you an hour to find out that Dr. McFerrin is a very kind-hearted man. Twelve years ago this month I entered his office and saw him for the first time. I was a mere youth from the mountains of East Tennessee—a boy that had come to Nashville to get a place in the Tennessee Conference. I knew nobody, and supposed there was not a man in the city who knew me. I was lonely and sad and silent. McFerrin saw it, took me to one side, and thus discoursed: "Mr. L., a member of the Senate, from East Tennessee, says he knows you; knows your parents; was present when you joined the Church; has heard you preach; is well acquainted with you. He says we must admit you and give you an appointment; he recommends you, and so will I. Come to my house for dinner to-day, and I will introduce you to some of the brethren." God bless the genial, kind-hearted man! I put this to what Rev. F. P. Scruggs and Rev. F. E. Pitts had said to me, and came to the conclusion that out of the mouth of two or three witnesses every word would be established. This word of encouragement came at the right time to save me; for about an hour before this a certain *quasi* Doctor,

whose light is now fading in another region of the heavens, had told me that the Conference was full, no room for me, that I ought to proceed straight to Arkansas. Good enough advice, I dare say, but given in a *style* that made an impression, as you plainly perceive. My plans, as Dr. Lipscomb would say of the race, "were put together with rivets," and I did not wish them wrenched asunder. They did not include the fertile State of Arkansas. Thus commenced an acquaintance which I trust will be like that of David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias; and when broken on earth by the sword of the King of Terrors I hope it may be renewed beyond the pearly gates and jasper walls.

Dr. McFerrin is a plain man; you do not have to watch him and study him and balance probabilities to know where he stands. If you wish to know the ground he occupies, ask him, and he will tell you. If he were presiding over a deliberative body, and a member were to put a question to the chair for decision, it would be decided—you would not have to wait twenty-four hours. He is a sincere man; does not get your confidence to go straightway and betray you. One can unbosom himself to him and feel safe. He is a pious man, whose religion consisteth "in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Dr. McFerrin has been in the ministry upward of a quarter of a century; as missionary, circuit-preacher, pastor, presiding elder, and editor of the *Nashville*

Christian Advocate. No man in the Church has occupied the editorial chair so long as he, except, perhaps, Dr. Lee, of Virginia. He took the *Advocate* when it had been written to death, and infused light and life into its columns. He made it a newspaper for the family, as well as a theological medium. He took it when its affairs were bankrupted; brought order out of confusion, and "made it pay." Such a man is worthy of the position assigned him by the late General Conference—Book Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I predict his administration will be a complete success.

We have not in all the South a more successful platform speaker than Dr. McFerrin. He is always in requisition, always ready, never *very* much embarrassed; has a ready flow of strong language, and rather enjoys the excitement of an anniversary. Practice makes perfect. With the exception of Bishop Pierce and Dr. Sehon he has experimented on the American public, as a beggar for the Lord's treasury, as much as any other man. When did he ever attend a Conference Missionary Anniversary without speaking? It makes no difference who delivers the opening address, or *how* he delivers it, McFerrin closes. In this he resembles our friend Caples. They are both large, humorous, good at repartee, and sometimes throw out thoughts like great slugs of hot iron, making you scamper. McFerrin knows more than Caples, but Caples can tell better what he does know.

As a debater on the floor of the Annual or General Conference, who ever saw him go under? As Frank English would say: "He gets all under-holds, and the upper side of the hill," and down goes his antagonist; but then the brawny Doctor tickles him and smiles on him and lets him up.

Dr. McFerrin has a rare talent for preaching. Perhaps the word *adroitness* will describe it better than any other. He is all you could ask in a revival of religion—preaches "in demonstration of the Spirit," and with power. His practical sermons move you to "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." His doctrinal discourses are compact with thought, and show an intimate acquaintance with all Arminianism. In controversy he wields a right Damascus blade, cutting his way through all weak or learned sophistries. He preaches as many funeral discourses as any man in Middle Tennessee. He is not exactly an orator, nor can he preach a literary discourse. I heard from one of his Annual Commencement efforts. The pupils thought he was going to call mourners. The Doctor never reads in the pulpit or uses "notes." His call seems to be to "*preach the gospel.*" He never "leaves his carpet-bag at Berea," or a railroad station, but is always ready.

By appointment from the late General Conference Dr. McFerrin is the central figure of our Publishing House, surrounded by these distinguished personages: Rev. R. Abbey, Financial Secretary, a volumi-

nous writer, a polished gentleman, and a shrewd financier; Thomas O. Summers, D.D., Editor of Books, Tracts, and the *Quarterly*, a divine whose profound and critical scholarship, whose varied and extensive reading pre-eminently fit him for the position: L. D Huston, D.D,, Editor of the *Home Circle* and *Sunday-school Visitor*, an eloquent preacher and a charming writer, a *litterateur*, who talks well on every subject from shoe-leather to the solar system; H. N. McTyeire, D.D., Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, a classical scholar and a young man who is wise and witty, and, with me, the prince of editors; E. W. Sehon, D.D., Missionary Secretary, elegant as Bishop Burnet and as eloquent as he wants to be. Then there are Green, Gardner, Elliston, Lee, Watson, Taylor, and Litton, into whose construction the Creator has put the choicest material. They are all "*worthy and well qualified.*"

Lexington, Mo., 1858.

POST MORTEM.

This evening at 3 o'clock [October 16, 1887], the memorial services were had and the following paper read by Rev. R. A. Young. The ceremonies were impressive, and Dr. Young read in a clear and distinct voice the following eulogy upon the remarkably useful life of his deceased brother.—*Nashville American.*

With the exception of those holy men who have been elevated to the office and work of the Episcopacy, John B. McFerrin was the best-known and most

influential man in Southern Methodism. From early youth to extreme old age he was a willing worker; and, what was somewhat phenomenal, all his labors and all his undertakings were favored of heaven. He was the incarnation of success. The people of every State and every city and nearly every large town south of Mason and Dixon's line have seen and heard and felt the power of this remarkable man. North of the line, and even in distant England, our illustrious brother numbered friends and admirers by the ten thousand. He thought and spoke and wrote and acted directly to the point with telling effect. In a great crisis he could travel so rapidly and toil so terribly that every obstacle seemed to be in a hurry to get out of his way. From an Arkansas Baptist, who called him "the mud-sill of Methodism," to the Wesleyan pastor of Queen Street Chapel in London, who styled him "our great McFerrin," his obituary was read with regret and his name mentioned with affection. The Tennessee Conference is known farther than any other because he was a member of it.

As a missionary to the Indians, circuit preacher, pastor, presiding elder, editor, Book Agent, chaplain to the army, and Missionary Secretary he was an itinerant *sui generis*. At all sorts of Conferences, annual and general, ecumenical and centennial, his presence was hailed with delight and his speeches were heard with pleasure. Equally at home was he in the love-feast, the revival, and the country camp-meeting. His

character seemed to grow more erect and beautiful and indestructible as the years rolled on, illustrating that Scripture which says: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

Let us itemize the account somewhat. John B. McFerrin was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., June 15, 1807, of parents who descended from the Scotch-Irish. This will account for the time he devoted to the tour in Ireland on his way to the Ecumenical Conference in London. It was the land of his forefathers. Dr. McFerrin's grandfather fought bravely in the Revolutionary struggle, and his father saw service in the last conflict with England. After this he spent his life in the peaceful ministry of Jesus Christ. The mother died at ninety-three years of age.

John B. McFerrin was converted at a Methodist prayer-meeting in his native county August 20, 1820, and joined the Church about two weeks thereafter. Through his long life he always delighted in the declaration that his religious experience "had a date." As Paul never wearied in telling of that journey from Jerusalem to Damascus, so McFerrin never ceased to glow with enthusiasm over the events of that night in August. "A happy day that fixed his choice." In the bright visions of glory that do sometimes burst upon our aching sight we can almost see him rejoicing in the recollection of that country prayer-meet-

ing. From this youthful beginning he prayed in public, led a class, and exhorted his neighbors.

John B. McFerrin was licensed to preach October 8, 1825, and was admitted on trial in the Tennessee Conference during the next month. Then came the long life—three years on circuits, two years among the Indians, six years in stations, three years as presiding elder, eighteen years as editor of the *Christian Advocate*, eight years as Book Agent and missionary to the army, four years as Secretary of Domestic Missions, eight years as Secretary of Foreign Missions, and nine more years as Book Agent. In this office he "ceased at once to work and live."

During all this time Dr. McFerrin was a living proof that a Christian preacher can be a Christian citizen without tarnishing his character or lessening his influence. He owned real estate; had servants at his bidding; kept open house; was given to hospitality; could make a speech on internal improvements at a town-meeting; held political opinions, and voted on all election days; owned bank stock; gave cheerfully, and sometimes profusely, to the poor and to every good enterprise; made temperance speeches; was once President of a street railroad; provided a competency for his family, and finally died at his home the honored and revered patriarch of his neighborhood, without one blot or stain on the fair escutcheon of his Christian or ministerial character. From crown to heel he was a patriot and a citizen without begging

anybody's pardon. He stood chin to chin, toe to toe, the peer of any comer. He was more than all this; he was called by the Spirit of God to preach the everlasting gospel, which he did for sixty years with singular fidelity, courage, and success. "Servant of God, well done," applies to him in every relation of life. Already his neighbors have honored him with a memorial church, and we predict that there are many McFerrin chapels to be built.

Dr. McFerrin was married twice, each time to an exemplary Christian woman. Methodism still abides with his children and grandchildren. His son and son-in-law are honored members of this Conference. Two nephews are with us also.

Bishop Wilson said in his admirable address to the class on Friday: "A Christian minister is the highest style of man." In the advantages of this life Providence seems to have denied nothing to Dr. McFerrin. Even his personal appearance was commanding. He was six feet high and weighed about two hundred pounds, with health gushing from a thousand springs. That tall, cliff-like forehead had a busy brain working behind it. No wonder he sat in more General Conferences and occupied Connectional offices longer than any man in universal Methodism.

Let us now come to the closing scene. Dr. McFerrin's last regular sermon was delivered at Vandale, Ark., about a mile and a quarter from his mother's grave, from 1 Corinthians xv. 58. His last public ap-

peal made for any Christian enterprise was for the new church on Foster Street, in Edgefield, Tenn. The last two services in which he participated were at the funerals of Rev. William Burr and the infant child of Major Finch. His last writing for the press was the obituary of Rev. William Burr and an article on creeds.

We copy his last message to the Tennessee Conference, given Monday evening, May 2, 1882:

"I feel grateful to God for having been permitted to labor for him so long—for a period of over sixty years with so little intermission. I feel thankful to God for such bodily strength. I had been enabled to do two men's work when a young man; I suppose I loved to be victorious in a tussle; have always had a love and disposition to indulge in wit, and sometimes I may have been sharp and my brothers may have been hurt in some of my contests, but I never bore malice to any. Tell them to hold fast to our articles of faith and contend earnestly for the doctrines of justification by faith, the witness of the spirit, and holiness of heart. If any brother believes I have desired to prevent his rise, I desire, at this juncture, to say I have never entertained such feelings. I never intentionally wounded a brother. But evil may have followed where evil was not intended; if so, I ask forgiveness. I forgive all who have injured me, and ask forgiveness of all. If there is a body of men on earth I love above others, it is the Tennessee Confer-

ence. I owe all I am to them. They have honored me far above my deserts, and have never neglected me. I die in peace with them and all men, and in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the love of God, and in expectation of immortality and eternal life. Tell the brethren I love every one of them."

Dr. McFerrin requested me to give to the young men of the Conference the following message: "*Dear young brethren*: My work is ended; the hour of my departure is near at hand. In reviewing my past life, one of the most satisfactory thoughts to me is that I consecrated my young manhood to God's service."

He said to Bishop Hargrove: "Give my love to the Bishops when they meet. If I am alive I ask an interest in their prayers. I trust the Bishops may have a grand review and unparalleled success in the future."

Now we shall see how a Christian can die, for we close this sketch with some of his last utterances: "The Saviour suffered in the garden and hung three dreadful hours on the cross for me. I ought to suffer and not complain." "I can not see to read the Scriptures. I am not able now to hear them read, but the precious words of God, learned by me long ago, are with me, and they give me comfort.

"O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let the ransomed sprit go
To grasp the God I seek!

My journey is nearly ended. I am ready to depart and be with the Lord. I have no fears.

"O if my Lord would come and meet
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terror as she passed.

All is settled. Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Dr. McFerrin died May 10, 1887, on the brink of eighty full years. Nashville Methodism gave him such a funeral as they only can give when the College of Bishops, the Board of Missions, and the Book Committee are holding their annual meeting. Bishop McTyeire's funeral sermon contained a wealth of information for the future biographer. Then a great company of mourners laid our old hero to rest in the pensive shades of Mt. Olivet.

With him in some far future land,
We yet may meet, we yet may dwell.

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